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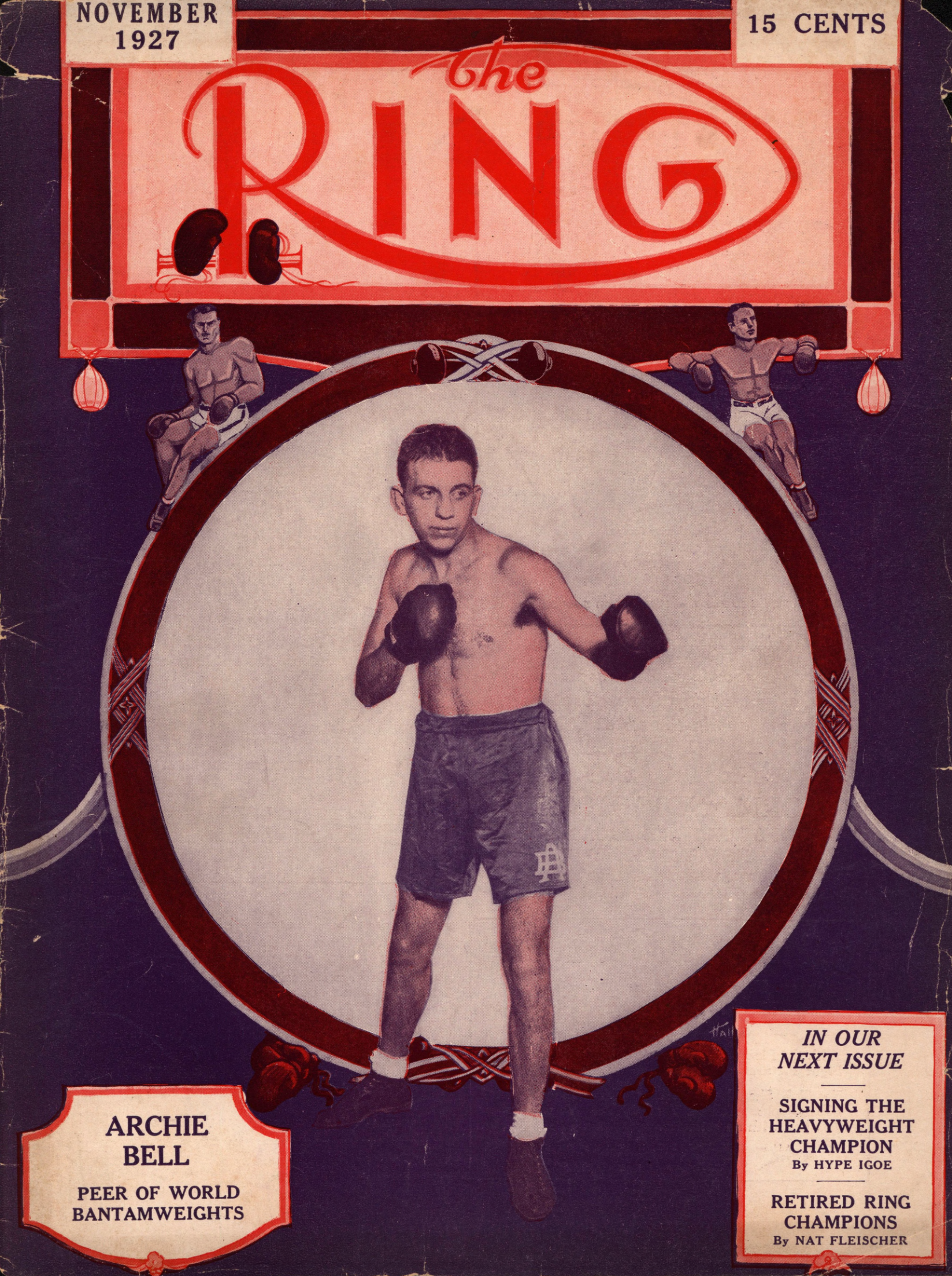

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Vol. 6 No. 10

World's Foremost

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PR

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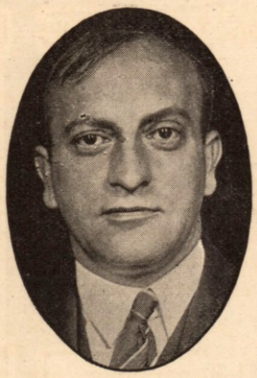
Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Canada is 15 cents.



Nat Fleischer Says:

Tunney Is a Real Champion
Brainwork Big Factor in Victory
Chicago "Knockdown Rule" Faulty
Long Count Was Warranted

THE Third Battle of the Century has passed into ring history and with it the realization that in Gene Tunney, successful defender of his world's heavyweight championship, the fighting game has a worthy successor to the greatest of the crown wearers of the past. Gene, the Fighting Marine, the man who was mocked from coast to coast by those who never gave him credit for being a real champion, a great champion, met every test and came through with flying colors.

True, the strong Dempsey adherents continue to shout from the house tops that the Manassa Mauler was deprived of a knockout through poor judgement on the part of the referee, but their arguments cannot stand the acid test. Gene Tunney won the Chicago battle fairly and in so doing he again demonstrated that he is Dempsey's master. Dempsey and Tunney might yet engage in a third meeting, but if they do, the result will be the same but damaging for Dempsey.

* * *

Won Seven Rounds

IN that thrilling bout at Soldier's Field, Gene outboxed his Coast rival in seven of the ten rounds, took Dempsey's hardest blows, came back with a whirlwind finish after being on the verge of a knockout and in the last three rounds outslugged Dempsey to the extent that the Manassa Mauler could scarcely finish the final session.

Does this show championship calibre on the part of the conqueror? We'll say it does.

It takes quick thinking, nimble wits, and strong, agile legs for a fighter to go through what Tunney terms was Hell for him in that memorable seventh round and survive the session. Those are assets of a real champion. Did Tunney falter, as would less hardy, brainless fighters have done when that terrible left hook of Dempsey's crashed against his chin after five other hard blows were landed? Not the Fighting Marine! He had been through hell fire on the battlefields of France and the word QUIT was not to be found in his vocabulary.

* * *

YET, sitting there in the third row of the working press seats in Chicago, gazing intently on the fallen form on New York's Own, I heard many of the Western newspaper men yell at Gene:

"Get up, you quitter."

And a few minutes later, when these same fellows, every one no doubt a strong Dempsey adherent, saw Gene on his feet again and circling the ring for more than a minute and a half to avoid the deadly wallop of the former champion, again a cry went up.

"You yellow dog. Fight, why don't you?"

What an unsportsmanlike indictment against as game a fellow as ever graced the ring!

Would these men and thousands of others in that gigantic gathering, have given Tunney credit for being game had he stood in the center of the ring a target for Jack's finishing punches?

Gene Chose Correctly

NO gentlemen, let's be reasonable and unbiased. Gene Tunney had two choices in that seventh round. When he arose, he could either have elected to fight it out with his then stronger opponent, or to keep out of Jack's way by circling him for the remainder of the session. Had Gene selected the former, he undoubtedly would have been knocked out and ring history would have been made in the first crowning of a heavyweight champion who previously had lost his title.

Gene chose correctly, a splendid test of a champion's brainwork, and for this, he was termed "yellow." Compare his quick-wittedness with the slow thinking of Dempsey. Jack had two choices in that round, just as did Gene. He could have elected to hasten to a neutral corner, as agreed upon by the principals both before the battle in the commission's office and in the ring, or to station himself over his fallen prey as he did in the Firpo fight.

Unfortunately, Dempsey chose wrongly and with that choice lost whatever chance he had to regain the world's heavyweight title.

Again, when the fight was resumed, Dempsey had another opportunity to win the contest, but again he made the wrong choice. The Dempsey who fought Jess Willard or the Dempsey who knocked out Luis Firpo, would never have deliberated as did Jack after Tunney arose and started his race to safety. That Dempsey with the Killer instinct would have leaped at Gene helter-skelter, cornered him, and knocked him out ere the round could be completed.

Instead, he decided to follow Gene around the ring. Tunney, the youthful appearing, agile Tunney, the finest specimen of physical manhood in our midst—this is the fellow the aged looking Jack Dempsey with his weary legs which could scarcely stand the strain and his fatigued body, tried to follow. Gene's thinking powers told him Dempsey couldn't follow such pace. Dempsey found the handicap too great and in disgust, he suddenly stopped short and yelled at the champion:

"Quit your running. Come on, fight."

* * *

A Real Champion

HERE again Tunney proved Dempsey's superior. Quick thinking and tactical manouevring are great assets, and in these, Gene proved the master. He was a champion, every inch of him, in that most trying round.

Should Tunney be condemned for protecting himself through perfect brain work? Gene, although the recipient of the rights and lefts which brought him down, six terrible punches, came through that crisis with a far higher rating than did the man who scored the knockdown. There's where the championship make-up comes in. Tunney has it and let us make no mistake about that point. Tunney was there in the pinch and that enabled him to retain the title. Let us sing his praises. He certainly deserves commendation.

The last three rounds of the battle demonstrated fully the

ability of the champion. Gene, just back from what looked like a certain knockout, uncorked that left of his and realizing the urgency of keeping Dempsey away from him, he pecked and pecked almost at will with that portside paw, then suddenly shot out his right. A right chop brought Dempsey down, the blow coming after a left had placed Jack off balance. Although Dempsey took no count, the knockdown convinced the spectators that Tunney had not been hurt much when he was floored.

* * *

Gene Superior in All Phases

ANALYZING the bout from a spectator's point of view, I feel that there can be absolutely no reason for questioning the decision, even on the basis of a long count. Gene Tunney was Jack's superior in everything but the punch, and even in this, Gene was excelled by a slight margin. Gene is not the knockerout or hitter that Dempsey was in his prime, but Dempsey remarked after the fight:

"If you fellows think Tunney can't hit, you've got another guess coming. Say he can sting as hard as any fellow in the boxing game."

In the matter of punches, Gene landed almost twice as many as did Dempsey. As a matter of fact in the eighth, ninth and tenth rounds, we scored a little over three to one for Gene on blows landed and many were of a stinging variety.

In these rounds Dempsey could not even land the forbidden rabit punch which he used throughout the fight. True he mixed these with the ordinary neck punch, but the bulk of the blows sent to Gene's neck were the rabbit punches without as much as a whimper coming from the champion.

That showed Gene in his true colors. A champion who was in the ring to win not at any cost but by fair ring tactics. He did not want to retain the title by being declared the winner on a foul.

In Re Long Count

SO much for the analysis of the fight. Now for the count which offered such widespread discussion and will continue to be the subject of controversy for many months.

That Gene Tunney received a long count goes without question. That the count was justified by failure of Dempsey to go to a neutral corner, also goes without question. Look at the photographs in this issue, and judge for yourself whether Dempsey was given a raw deal.

The Illinois Boxing Commission's rules state that when a boxer is floored the referee shall begin the count over him and if he does not arise at ten, he shall be counted out. Under the rules the referee need not count until the fighter who is on his feet reaches a neutral corner. The referee does not have to pick up the timekeeper's count.

Now this new rule was agreed to by both of the contestants both before the fight and as they took their instructions. The rule differs from that in New York in which as soon as a boxer is dropped, the official knock down timekeeper begins the count and the referee takes up the count when the opposing boxer has retired to the opposite corner.

In Chicago, however, the Commission makes no reference to the referee picking up the count from the timekeeper, a more proper procedure and this is what saved Gene his crown unless, as he declares, and facts substantiate it, he could have arisen before the decimal was reached.

A Faulty Rule

THAT this rule is a faulty one, none who make a close study of the Queensberry code, will fail to admit. But that it would have reacted in the same manner for either fighter, according to their agreement, also must be admitted.

Hence under the circumstances, weighing all the evidence herewith presented, Ring readers will agree with the Publisher, a staunch admirer of Jack Dempsey, that Jack was beaten fairly. Unfortunately for him, the rule proved disastrous but had he adhered to the letter of his agreement he never would have found himself in such a predicament.

Whatever might be said of the fairness of the officials at this great fight, one thing is certain. The Boxing Commission of Illinois should go into session immediately and abandon that portion of the knockdown rule which permits a referee to begin the count all over again after the boxer who has scored the knockdown gets into a neutral corner. The rule should be amended so that the referee is permitted to pick up the count as given to him by the official timekeeper and not begin when the boxer scoring the knockdown gets to the neutral corner.

New York has such a rule and it works perfectly. Ever since boxing became a sport, the ten second rule has been in force. It is humanely impossible for a boxer to get to his corner without having at least one or possibly two seconds elapse after the knockdown is scored, and he certainly, by all fairness, should not be penalized for not having wings.

That part of Chicago's boxing rules which permitted this Dempsey-Tunney muddle is all wrong and out of tune. It doesn't belong to boxing but that doesn't excuse Dempsey for his refusal to enter the neutral corner.

It does seem asinine, however, for a commission to place such a ridiculous rule on its books for under such circumstances, why the need of an official knockdown timekeeper? Why have him count four and then have the referee begin all over again at one? Where is the justice in this?

Certainly it is all wrong, but law is law and rules are rules and they must be obeyed. Dempsey and Tunney had agreed to them and therefore no matter how ill the wind fares, Referee Barry, following the rules as laid down to all hands, was justified in his ring actions.

Gene Not Helpless

THERE are some, those who bet on Dempsey, who openly declared Jack was robbed and that the bout was framed for Gene to win. Most ridiculous, say we.

There are others who insist that Tunney never would have been able to arise had the count been proper. Conjecture, say we. It is questionable and subject to discussion.

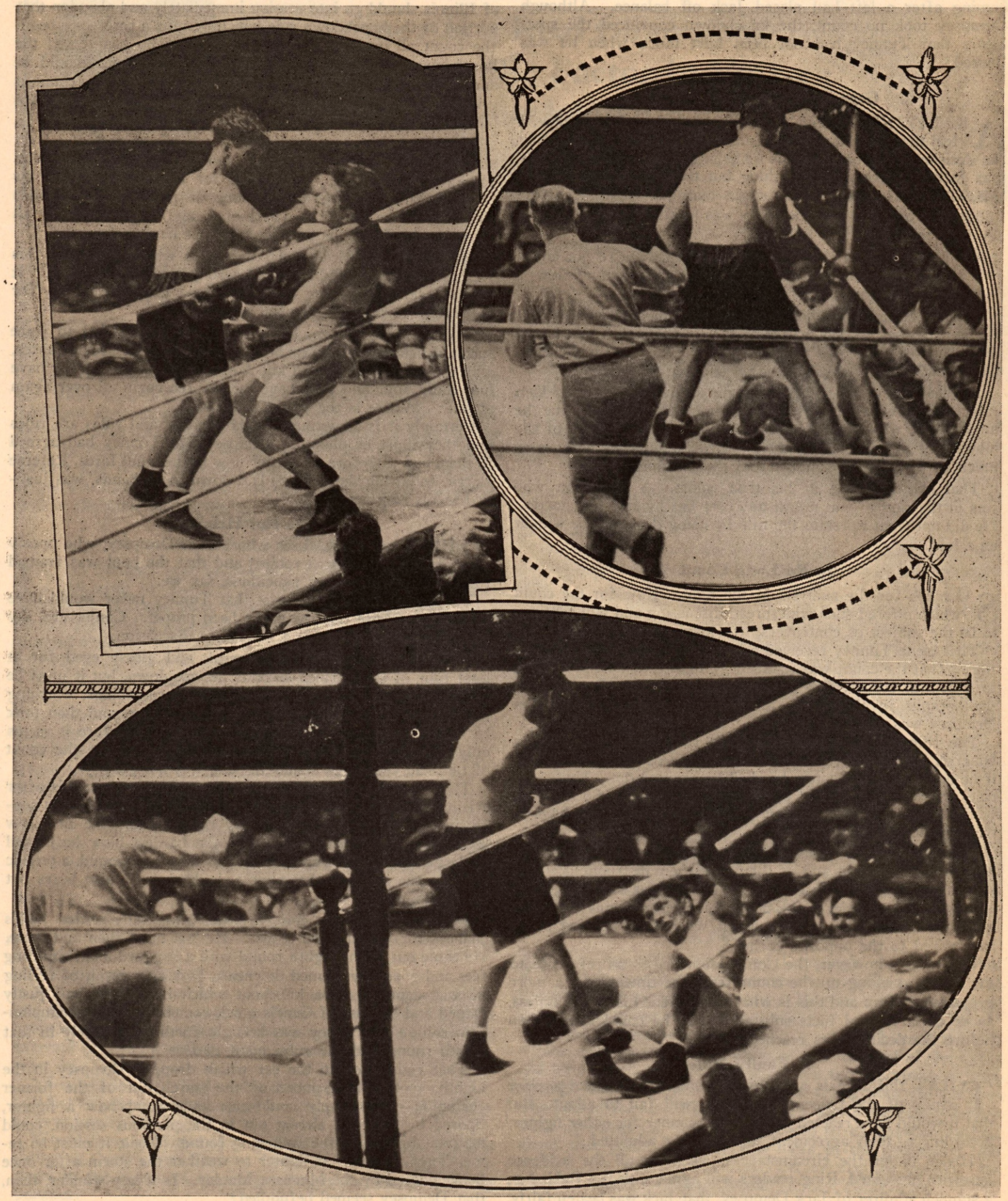
True Gene appeared rather weak and glassy eyed for at least four of the thirteen seconds he was down, but it must be remembered that he kept looking at the proceedings, watching the referee chase Dempsey to a neutral corner, and then took his full allotment of time before arising. Therefore it seems only plausible that Gene would have gotten up ere the count of ten, had such been required. He was not groggy.

The mere fact that Gene was able within two seconds after arising to dance around the ring while on his toes, proves conclusively that he was not in any danger after the first few seconds and the further fact that the hardest blow he landed on Dempsey came towards the end of that same round, a terrific right to the stomach that almost doubled Jack, also bears out this contention.

Furthermore, it was this blow that practically settled Jack's chances for winning the crown. He lost heart then and there. He came out in the eighth round with a haggard look, shuffling feet and generally seemed downcast, both as a result of feeling he was deprived of a knockout which he felt he had justly gained and because of Gene's quick comeback. The championship calibre of Tunney was brought forth conclusively in that eighth round and the subsequent two.

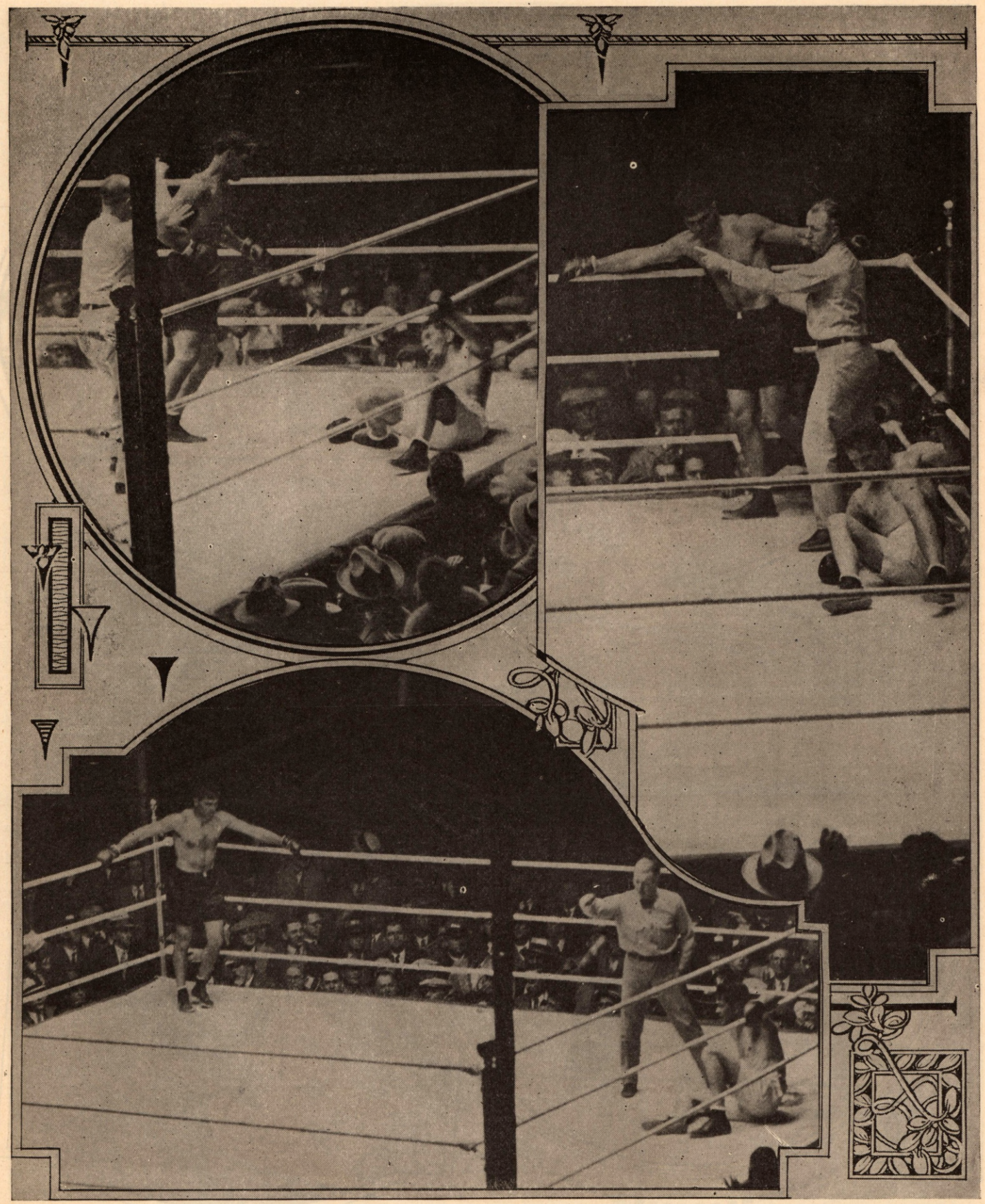
That right chop to the ear which dropped Dempsey in the eighth, took a little more of the starch out of the former champion. He simply could not understand how a fighter, floored by him and almost out in the previous session, could maltreat him so in the following round. Gene, it must be remembered, is the first fighter to weather the storm after once being floored by the Manassa Mauler. Is it any wonder, then, that Dempsey seemed befuddled?

Knockdown Punch—Jack Watching His Prey



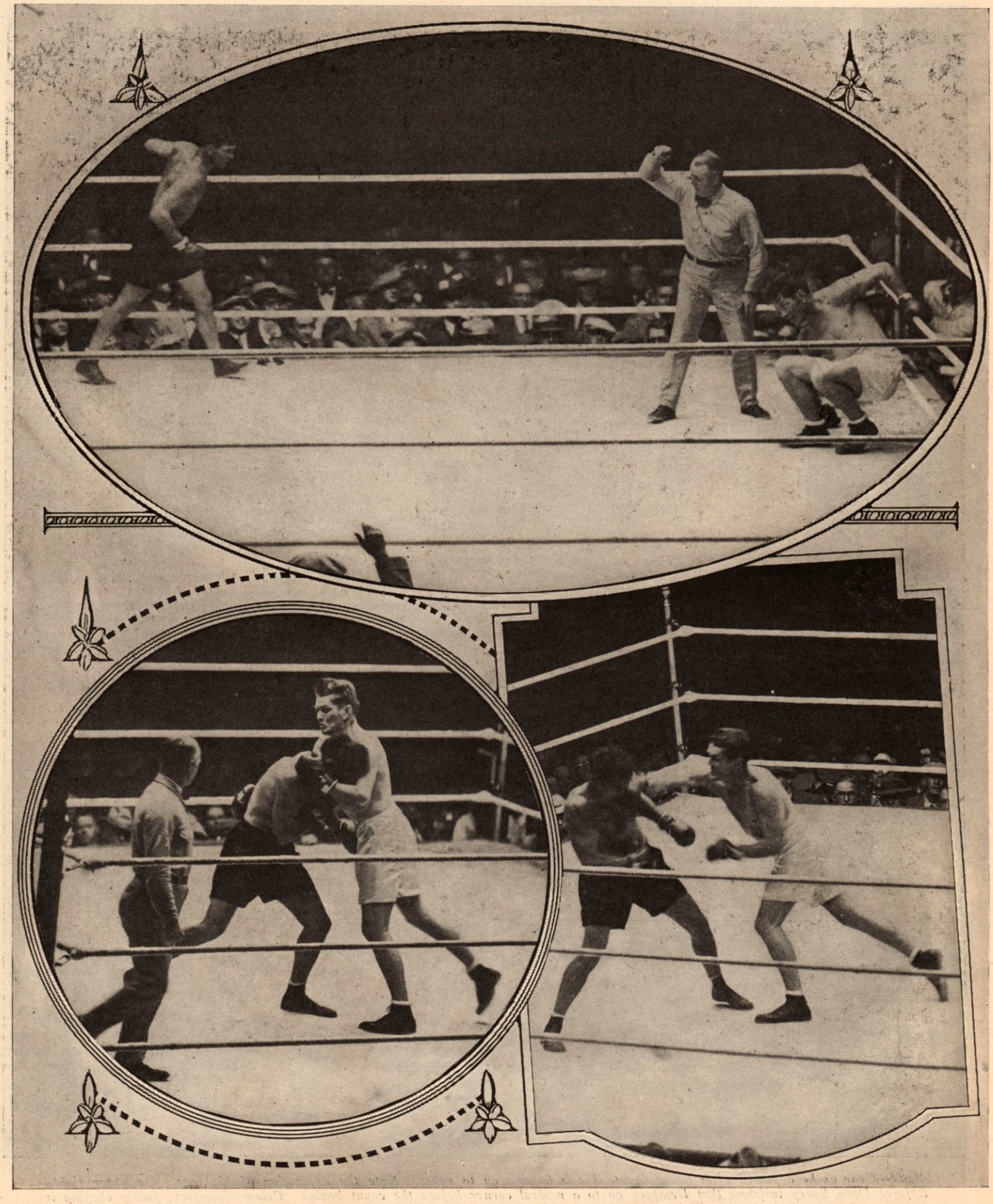
Above—on left—Jack Dempsey landing the blow that sent Tunney down. Note Gene slipping to the canvas. There were six punches landed, the final being a left. On upper right—Dempsey standing over Gene after the champion's body hit the canvas. Below—Dempsey refuses to move away while Dave Barry cautions him. Note the blank expression on Tunney's face.

Most Thrilling Moments in Chicago Tilt



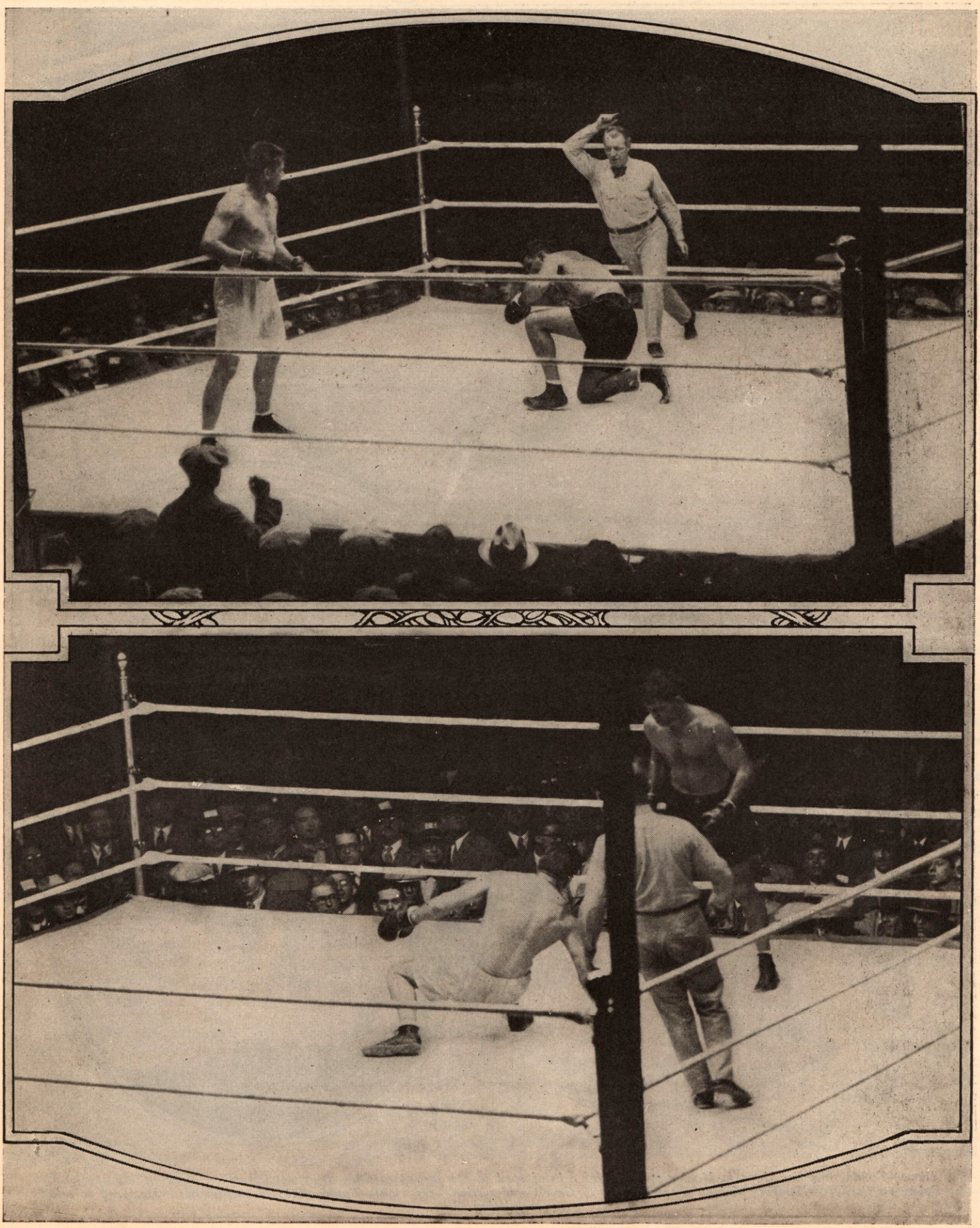
Above—Gene as he appeared after going down. He is holding on to ropes. Note the expression of his face. On upper right—Referee Dave Barry insisting that Dempsey go to a neutral corner before the count begins. Below—Dempsey, finally obeying instructions, waits in the far corner while Gene watches his seconds while listening to the count.

The "Pick-Up" and Final Rush in Tenth



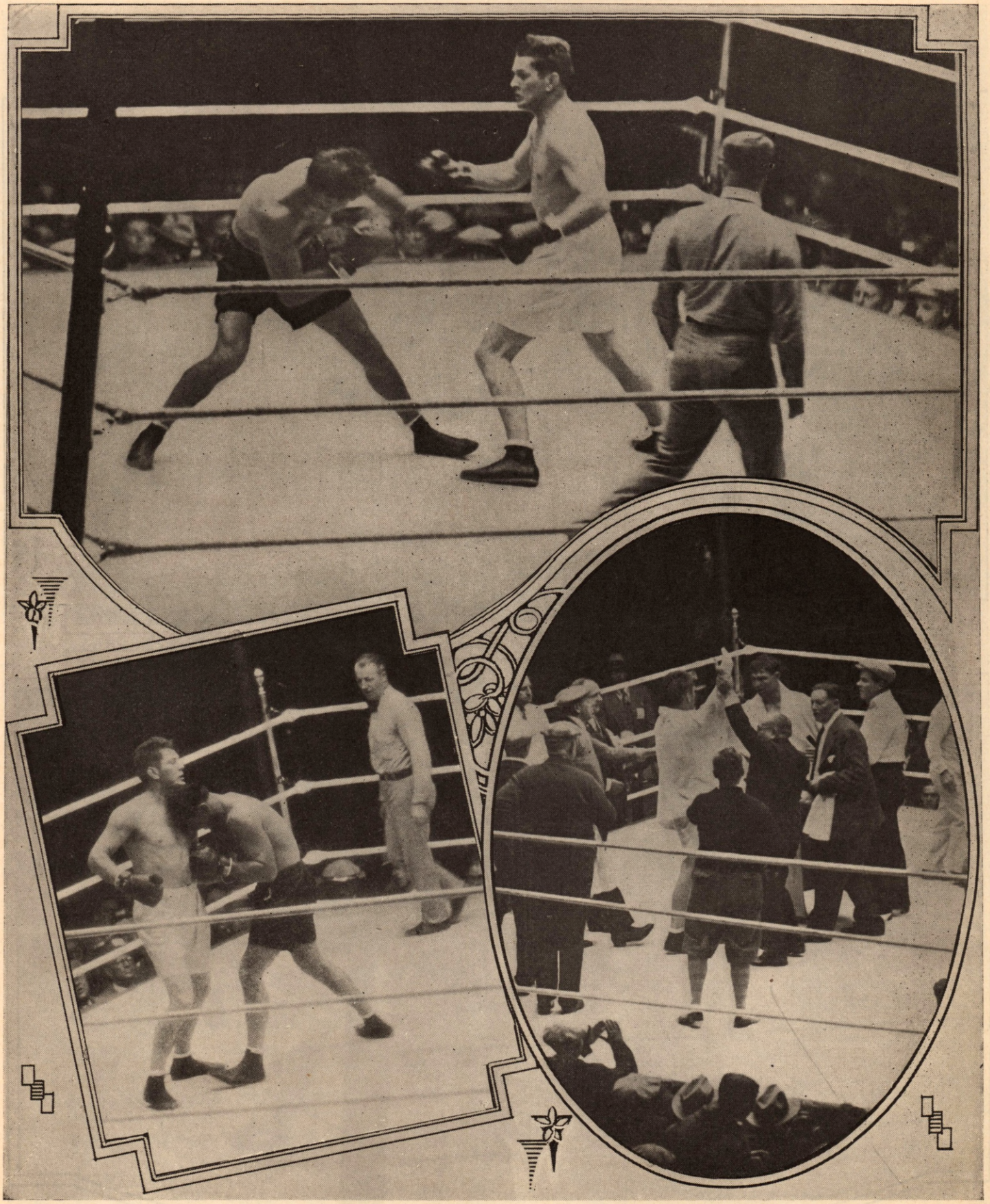
Above—Tunney lifting himself up at the start of the count of eight. The count was really twelve at this point, Dempsey being penalized for not going to a neutral corner. Below—on left—Just after Dempsey charged Gene in the final few seconds of the tenth round, Tunney jumped into a clinch. ***On right—Gene rocks Dempsey with terrific right in tenth.***

Two Exciting Moments in Great Battle



Above—Jack Dempsey going down on one knee as a result of Tunney's furious attack in eighth round. Gene came back with bells on after almost being out in previous round. Below—Tunney, as he slipped to canvas in tenth round after a furious exchange in which he had the better of the milling.

The Boxer, The Mauler, The Victor



Above—Tunney and the Manassa Mauler sparring for a brief spell in the second round. Gene watches every move of his opponent. Below on the left—Dempsey sinking a terrific left to Gene's mid-section. On right—Tunny declared the winner. Dempsey is seen congratulating Gene.

Never In Danger of Being Knocked Out, Says Gene Tunney

JACK DEMPSEY and I have fought twenty rounds. I have whipped him in nineteen of them. That, it seems to me, should settle for all time the question as to who is the better man.

I want to give full credit to Dempsey for his gameness, his fighting ability, his punchng power. I do not want to take away from him one iota of credit for that seventh round in Chicago—the round in which he knocked me down. I got a little careless and I paid the penalty with a trip to the canvas.

But it is all foolishness to say that I was in real danger of being counted out. I made up my mind to take a count of nine. That was one of the first things I was taught in boxing—to take the count of nine in the event of a knockdown. Until that Chicago fight I never had been forced to bring that bit of knowledge into play.

All the time that I was down I was in full possession of my faculties. I knew what was going on, and followed the count carefully. Here I want to say that before the fight Referee Harry Barry warned us that in the event of a knockdown no count would be started if the scorer did not move into a neutral corner.

* * *

DEMPSEY has been in the ring long enough to be calm and cool under circumstances such as those which attended the scoring of the knockdown. He should have known enough to move at once into a neutral corner. Instead he remained in his own corner, too excited to remember his instructions and one of the cardinal rules of the ring.

It has been charged by some critics that if the knockdown had been scored in the middle of the ring instead of at the ropes, where I had a chance to pull myself up, I would have been counted out.

There is nothing to this assertion. Had we been in the middle of the ring I would not have been knocked down. The ropes prevented me from moving out of danger.

While on the subject of the knockdown I want to give my own impressions of this exciting event. The motion pictures show that I got six punches leading to the knockdown. I remember only three of them, the last of which hit me as I was going down.

My first feeling on hitting the canvas was one of relief. It felt good to be down on the floor, out of danger. It felt good to be out of range of any more punches and at the same time in possession of my faculties, safe in the knowledge that I could get up at the count of nine.

When I got up I retreated. It has been said that I ran away. I never have run away from any man in or out of the ring and I did not have to run away from Jack Dempsey that night.

* * *

BUT I did retreat from his fire. I knew that he was dangerous at that particular minute and that the longer I could hold him off the better equipped I would be to go through with my plan to launch a terrific counter attack.

I knew I had Dempsey when he stopped and motioned, sneeringly, for me to come on and fight. It was the gesture of a baffled fighter. I refused to heed his sneers, to pay any attention to the howls from the crowd.

It was my title, my championship to defend, my reputation to guard. I knew that to rush in and fight back at that time might have been fatal. I flatter myself that I kept my head, fought back my instinct to accept Dempsey's challenge and exchange blows with him.

I bided my time, cleared my head, then went to it. And results in the eighth, ninth and tenth rounds more than vindicated my judgment and decision to rest a while before going after the challenger.

All through my ring career I had planned against the time when I would be knocked down. I had made up in my mind to do one of two things—jump up at once and set right out on a counter attack to hide my condition, or take a series of counts to clear my head. I had planned to go down again for nine from another punch and go down a third time if necessary.

* * *

BUT all those plans went into the discard and proved to that it is futile to make up your mind ahead of time about things to be done in extreme emergencies.

I made a new plan the moment I was floored. I took my nine, waited to clear my head just as any sane fighter who knows his business would have done, and then battered Dempsey all over the ring.

Dempsey still persists in saying that he is the better man. The story of the fight, the pictures, Dempsey's own impressions, all shout to the contrary. Dempsey has had two chances against me and he has failed twice.

If there be a call for a third chance why I will be ready. But it seems to me that Dempsey has run out his string.

I will be ready in a year to defend the title again. I believe that next September would be the right time. That is the best time of the year for a heavyweight championship event.

In the meantime I will keep fit. No matter what I decide to do in the interim—do a motion picture or anything else—the boxing followers of this country may rest assured that Gene Tunney will not soften up from easy living.

I am going into the North Woods to rest and ruminate and forget about fights and crowds and excitement.

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Tunney-Dempsey Referee Explains:

Declares Boxers Agreed to Neutral Corner
Says Jack Refused to Obey Command to Move
Thinks Gene Regained Senses in Four Seconds

LITTLE did I realize when I was called into the office of the Illinois State Boxing Commission to receive the assignment to referee the Tunney-Dempsey battle, that I would become the subject of a world-wide controversy. The honor of being selected for this most important post in such gigantic a sports affair, naturally made me joyous, and I then and there resolved that I would treat both fighters with the utmost equality and that I would enforce the rules of the Illinois Board to the best of my ability.

I have been accused by Jack Dempsey and his handlers of being partial but I feel confident that the public, the boxing officials and the seconds of Dempsey in their hearts know that I did exactly what was expected of me.

I went into that ring in Soldiers' Field with one thing uppermost in my mind—the fact that on the honesty of that contest, on the actions of fighters, judges and referee, rested the future of Boxing.

Before the fight we were instructed to follow the rules to the letter. We were told just what was expected of us, and I in turn, told the fighters just what was expected of them, for they were part of the contract. The chief seconds knew what would be expected of their men, for they spent many hours in the offices of the Boxing Commission going over every minute detail.

Yet, following the bout, I am accused by Dempsey's handlers of showing favoritism and permitting a knocked out fighter to continue and then carry off the honors.

What a ridiculous stand for Leo P. Flynn to take! How foolish of him to urge Jack Dempsey, a fine sportsman, to sign his name to such a statement when Jack himself was to blame for the entire muddle, if such it be called.

What Men Agreed To

WHEN Dempsey and Tunney joined me in the center of the ring I asked Gene who his chief second was.

"Jimmy Bronson," he replied. Dempsey in answer to a similar question said: "Leo Flynn."

I then instructed the chief seconds as follows:

"You are the only men whom I will recognize in the corners, and I will expect you to maintain order and so forth in your respective corners."

Then I turned to Tunney and Dempsey and I said:

ONLY A MAN
By Robert Hayward

HE'S not a champ or a man of name;
His bust is not in the Hall of Fame;
He's just a man who spends his days
By playing fair with life's own ways.

He isn't handsome, dark or tall,
He isn't ugly, light or small;
He's just an ordinary man,
Who does the very best he can.

HE seeks not notoriety,
Nor thrills the world with chivalry;
He isn't president or king,
His deeds of valor, none shall sing.

But when he comes to judgment day,
He'll step up front and boldly say;
"I fought the bout and never ran,
"Just played it square, and was a man."

"You fellows are boxing straight Queensberry rules. That is, you may hit while your arms are free, and when you are locked I will tell you to break, when each of you must immediately take a half step backward. This break must be clean. I won't tolerate any sneak punches.

"In case of a knockdown, the man on his feet will immediately retire to the farthest neutral corner and will remain there until the fallen man is on his feet in boxing position or until he has been counted out."

Understood Instructions

"Do you understand?"

Both answered in the affirmative.

I then asked if there was anything either wanted to take up and each said no, there was not. I told them to shake hands and come out fighting.

It's a pleasure to say that both boys obeyed my commands implicitly, and I had no trouble whatever with them until the knockdown in the seventh round. This knockdown occurred about four or five feet from Dempsey's corner and right against the ropes on the west side of the ring.

As Tunney hit the floor his eyes had a glassy expression and it was apparent that he was quite badly hurt. Dempsey, possibly through force of habit or perhaps through forgetfulness, failed to go to a neutral corner but endeavored to circle around me into his own corner, which would have brought him immediately behind Tunney.

The timekeeper's count had started, but seeing Dempsey's action, I thrust my left arm in front of him and ordered:

"Jack, to a neutral corner."

Dempsey persisted, however, and tried to circle around me in the other direction. Then, apparently realizing that he really was penalizing himself, he turned and walked quickly to the southeast corner. I immediately faced the timekeeper and by holding up the index finger of my right hand, signaled him "One." He took up the count and I fell in with his cadence, and counted up to "nine," when Tunney arose and the contest was resumed.

My impression of Tunney after he had been knocked down was that he regained his senses in three or four seconds, and that even though Dempsey had immediately retired to the neutral corner as per instruction he, Tunney, would have been able to arise in good shape before the final court.

I think it was a great fight and there is no doubt about who won it.

Squawk's Labor Lost
Shakespeare Up to Date

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Act I. Scene I.

SCENE:—The Court of Public Opinion. Merry Villagers are jammed into the court room like customers in the New York subway. Outside Indian Summer lingers while soft music fills the air.

JOHN PUBLIC—We have before this court the case of Jack Dempsey vs. Gene Tunney.

Leonius Flynnus—It was a crying shame, a great outrage, a grand steal, a terrific injustice.

JOHN PUBLIC—Order in the court. Who is this bird who doth cry out even as loud as the squawk of the sucker?

SHERIFF—It is the handler of Dempsey and he wants justice.

JOHN PUBLIC—Give him the air.

* * *

Act I. Scene II.

(*There are alarums and excursions, blowing of trumpets and beating of drums.*

Enter Jack Dempsey, his eyes slightly banged up and his nose at an angle of forty-six degrees.)

DEMPSEY—I want the title. I want my pound of heavyweight flesh. I want justice. I got jobbed.

LEONIUS FLYNNUS—Yes, he was socked under the belt. Tunney got the benefit of a long count. Look at my watch. It is half past three. Nay, I mean, it shows sixteen seconds. Tunney was down and out. We want the title.

(*There are further alarums and excursions. In comes Tunney with royal robe bearers, regal smelling salts carriers, and Billiam Gibsonius carrying the royal standard.*)

TUNNEY—What doth the court want of me? I am a busy man. I've got a date with ten millionaires at four o'clock.

JOHN PUBLIC—Champ, this man Dempsey doth depose that he was jobbed out of the title at Chicagotown by what is known as Ye Long Count. He wants redress, justice, his demands go even unto the title itself.

* * *

Act II. Scene I.

(*There is a terrific roar at the door. In comes Luis Firpo, once the Wild Bull of the Pampas.*)

FIRPO—Who speaks of justice? Who squawks about Ye Long Count? Who is making the holler about being jobbed out of the title? It is I, Luis Angel Firpo, who wants to know.

DEMPSEY—What are you doing here? Didn't I give you enough that night at the Polo Grounds?

FIRPO—Yes, I am here. How many seconds were you out of the ring when I socked you over the ropes? Who is the real champion. It is I, Luis Angel Firpo, who demands the title and all the perquisites which go therewith.

JOHN PUBLIC—You are a trifle late, Senor. And unless memory faileth me, were not you socked into sweet insensibility by Dempsey? Were you not licked to the frazzle? Take the bozo out of here and keep a better guard at the gate against general nuisances and mendicants.

DEMPSEY—As I was saying, Your Honor, Tunney got Ye Long Count at the Battle of the Birdseye View. I want the title.

TUNNEY—Your Honor, after what I did to Dempsey in the last three rounds his squawk is loony.

GIBSONIUS—Why did he not go into the neutral corner?

FLYNNIUS—Why did not the referee put signs in the neutral corners? Why did he not pose traffic signals? How was Dempsey to know where the neutral corner was?

We want our pound of ham!

* * *

Act III. Scene I.

(*There are further alarums and noises in the outer chamber. In comes a dissheveled figure.*)

JACK SHARKEY—I want justice. I was jobbed. Dempsey fouled me. Look at the motion pictures, the Cotton Market, the Congressional Record and the records of the Swiss Navy.

JOHN PUBLIC—For the lova Mike, what is this degenerating into?

SHARKEY—Yeh, I was fouled. I want the chance which Dempsey got against Tunney. In other words, if this honorable court rules that Tunney got Ye Long Count, I want the title as Dempsey fouled me. Put the championship into reverse.

DEMPSEY—What! Another sucker! Am I to be pestered everywhere by this man Sharkey and his cries of Foul? Have I no rights as a citizen of Hollywood?

TUNNEY—Ha, ha, ha. Also, ho, ho, ho. This is to laugh. Who started this thing anyway?

GIBSONIUS—Ho, ho, ho. Verily, me Lord, I am laughing. Gaze at yon map of Leonius Flynnius.

JOHN PUBLIC—It says here in the book, Never give a sucker an even break. Sharkey, your claim is thrown out along with that of Firpo. Go home and squawk no more because the first thing you know this black boy Godfrey will challenge you.

GODFREY—Yas, suh. Did anybody page Mistah Godfrey? Yas, suh. I'ze ready to fight this Sharkey or anybuddy else.

EVERYBODY—Curses, who let that guy in!

* * *

(*The Reader here is handled mercifully by the editor. Seven acts and fourteen scenes are omitted. Now let us go on with the harrowing details.*)

Act XI. Scene IV.

JOHN PUBLIC—Well, let us go on with the hearing. Let us see. What was it about?

DEMPSEY—Your honor, we want our pound of flesh. We demand the title. We were jobbed.

(*There are alarums and noises and in comes another bozo.*)

JESSICA WILLARD—Stop! Hold! Cease! Wait! I wish to squawk. How about Dempsey's bandages at Toledo? Who put the cement on Jack's knuckles while Jess was asleep?

JOHN PUBLIC—Weren't you socked loose from your store teeth? How come you are on the job squawking at this late date?

WILLARD—Well, this seems to be a squawking carnival and I did feel that while all the lads were airing their kicks I was entitled to a kick myself.

Tunney-Dempsey Contest Show Tremendous Growth of Sport—Financial Aspect Astounding

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

THE facts of history prove that all branches of rough, vigorous sport were crude in their infancy, the late Squire Ebbets including baseball in the list. It is doubtful, however, if any form of physical contest has in half a century undergone so radical a transformation as boxing. Not only in regulation, rules and conduct of boxers, but especially in the calibre of patrons.

Could the late Toppy McGuire, who was the boxing critic of the New York Sun during the lifetime of Charles A. Dana, have witnessed the Dempsey-Tunney spectacle at Chicago, his amazement would doubtless have rendered him speechless. In McGuire's day, the bouts were bare knuckle contests, the rules permitting wrestling, falling on opponents, driving knees into body, head in chancery, pummeling, and other brutal tactics.

The spectators were in the main, low in class, and the regulation garb comprised a greasy cap, a red handkerchief about the neck, woolen shirt and rough dirty coat and trousers. Owing to the fact that the reform element had induced State governments to pass laws forbidding prize fights, and that boxers and spectators were pursued by Sheriffs and troops, and frequently imprisoned and fined, very few reputable persons risked going to these affairs.

ONE of the interesting events of pioneer boxing was the meeting between John Morrissey, later on a Congressman of New York State and Tom Hyer, the first American champion. When they met to ratify a match, Hyer discovered that Morrisey had the largest number of gangsters and instead of signing articles of agreement Hyer produced a pair of duelling pistols and challenged Morrissey to "shoot to a finish." Morrissey declined the invitation, and the gangs dispersed in disgust.

Joe Coburn and Jem Mace, both great boxers, Mace holding the world's heavyweight title, attempted to box at Port Ryerson, Canada, in 1871. They did so much clever fiddling and sidestepping that two companies of militia had time to reach the ringside and pinch the contenders.

There were thousands of similar cases, and a boxer who started for the battle ground never knew whether he would be the guest of State, county or Federal government before he could put up his hands. Joe Choynski and Jack Johnson were both behind the bars at Galveston following a bout in which Joseph flattened Jack in three rounds.

If boxers eluded the police and military, then they had much trouble with their own gang. If the boxer with the biggest gang behind him was apparently on the road to defeat, his "heelers" usually proceeded to cut the ring ropes, stop the fight and intimidate the referee into giving a decision of draw.

THIS method in several instances not only saved the title of the defeated boxer but also saved the money of his backers. In the fight between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers in England in 1860, the English referee left the ring in the 38th round and gave no reason for doing so. Sayers had received a terrible beating from Heenan and the referee did not want to declare his countryman beaten.

Therefore, Heenan and Sayers fought four rounds more without a referee, and as Sayers was helpless and unable to toe the scratch the English crowd cut the ropes and stopped the contest. The referee who had left the ring in the 38th round, debated the question for a few days and then declared the bout a draw! Then followed the farce of presenting each battler with a *"championship"* belt, but as Heenan's belt was not paid for the maker took it away from the American. Heenan was the champion of America at the time of the contest, and Sayers the English title holder. It was the first bout in which the world's championship was at stake and proved that sportsmanship was at low ebb when a winner could be so defrauded.

There were numerous other frauds of like character, all of which convinced the reformers that they were justified in preventing prize fights. Under the law the contests were prize fights, but the prizes were so small as to require microscopical inspection.

Except where titles were at stake and there were side bets of $1,000 to $2,000, the principals received little or nothing for the risks taken. Usually in the ordinary bare knuckle fights, the hat was passed and the collection divided between winner and loser. From all points of view, boxing in its infancy was a sad affair.

But gradually there was an uplift movement, which started in England the "cradle of pugilism." The basis of this reform move had its inception in the substitution of the Queensberry rules for the London rules, England thus admitting that possibly the bare knuckle rules were not the best thing for the sport.

The Queensberry rules eliminated fighting with bare hands, wrestling, and all the other brutalities that had come down from the days of Figg. Padded gloves covered the hands and the "finish" fights were soon things of the past.

AMERICA was quick to adopt the new regulations, under which this country developed a large number of boxers whose skill never has been equalled and who quickly subdued all foreign rivals. In a short time America outstripped England in all particulars, and

(*Continued on page* 15)

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The Crowd Cheers

By H. L. Edsall

Crowd's restless tonight, and I gotta fight
This funny, dancin' kid.
He's clean, I've been told—Am I gettin' old?
Felt chilled then, swear I did.
I'll infight this bird, an' about the third
I'll shift, and hit him hard;
If he covers then, why, it's ended when
My right gets through his guard.

Pretty good, at that! Oh, I hate this chat—
Stop talkin' referee!
And now hear 'em shout; say, what's this about?
I thought they cheered for me!
They did not, and now—say, I don't see how
The kid can hum that song
As they tape his mitts. I'll hook him to bits—
I'll—damn it! there's the gong!

Our rights barely touch; he's not dancin' much;
He's built like Kid McCoy;
Somehow acts it, too, though I never knew
A welter like that boy.
We're welters; but though, I've never been slow;
I—THUD—this ain't no play!
A zippy rat-tat; an', but where's he at?
I could of got away.

I countered and stood, walked in like I should
And uppercut him strong.
He feinted and led, I punched at his head—
A flurry, then the gong.
Crowd's happy an' all—it IS a good brawl,
But they shriek for the kid.
I'm sorta alone; when I land they groan—
Felt chilled again, I did.

The second was bad; I took all he had.
His jabbin' made me back.
My swingin' was wide; catcalls hurt my pride;
"Win, Kid! Win!" made me slack . . .
Ah, Hell! hear 'em shout! Say, what's this about?
Why don't they cheer for me?
It makes me feel sick, it's a dirty trick—
Like fouling with the knee!

I'll give 'em my best. The third is the test—
I get one on the jaw
And go down. That crowd! The roar is so loud—
Can I make it a draw?
Up at six, I'm tough. Gawd! he's gettin' rough.
He straightened me; I'm blind.
A hook to each ear, and I cannot hear
Yells, so I don't mind.

I come up to him; my chances are slim.
But I came boring in.
I cannot hear them, but I CAN SMELL THEM
A-WAITIN' HIM TO WIN!
I infight this bird, an'—it's the third—
I shift, and hit him hard!
Yes! he covers them—was it ended when
My right got through his guard?
Pretty good, at that! Oh, I hate this chat—
Stop countin', referee!
And now hear 'em shout; say, what's this about?
They can't be cheerin' me!
Sure enough, they are! like thunder afar
The voice of many men—
They're happy tonight, an' I win the fight
At the slow count of ten.

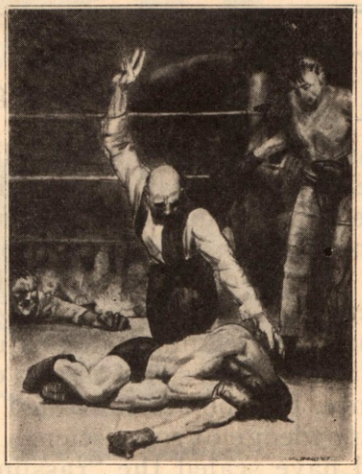
GROWTH OF BOXING

(*Continued on page* 14)

today leads the world in respect to skillful boxers, brainy promoters and excellent arenas. With boxing legalized in a majority of States and spectators assured of freedom from *"magisterial interference,"* as the old time fight reporters were accustomed to refer to police raids, public confidence became strong until today going to a boxing bout is in the same category as starting for a baseball game, football struggle or any other sporting event.

But perhaps the most significant feature of modern boxing is the high class of those who patronize the sport. By far the largest number of spectators at modern ring contests are professional and business men, while the greasy capped, red handkerchiefed chaps of Toppy McGuire's day are in a small and rapidly disappearing minority.

TEN —AND OUT!



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If He Could Fight As He Could Wrestle!

By WILLIAM J. McNULTY

HE could have gone far among the heavyweight matmen.

That's what several Canadian students of the bone twisting game have often said about Andy Sabine, Indian trapper, lumberjack, river driver and basket maker.

Andy was equipped by nature with remarkable strength and endurance. Had he been fortified by the knowledge of some science, he could have scaled the "rassling" ladder to the top rung or close to it. But somehow the necessary science and Andy didn't come in contact.

In order to attain a goal one must set his mind on that as an objective. As for Andy, he detested the big cities. To take him away from his beloved forests would be to rob him of his inspiration. Wealth and fame meant no more to him than psychology to a new born babe. He just wanted to live his life communing with nature.

An even 5 feet 10 inches tall. Sabine carried about 200 pounds of bone and sinew. He was a natural wrestler and possessed many grappling tricks he had picked up by his lonesome. He was the undisputed—after a week or so—champion of every logging camp he was ever attached to. Usually, he vanquished all his human opponents without much trouble. The animal foes were his greatest problems.

It was practically impossible for Andy to get lost in the woods, regardless of how dense, or how unfamiliar they were to him. For that reason he was frequently chosen as courier by the foremen of the logging camps. It was his assignment to deliver messages and also carry some special equipment or supplies between the villages and the camps.

Attacked by Bear

WHILE hoofing it from the little center of Greenville, Me., to a camp in the Moosehead Lake region, Sabine was attacked by one of the biggest bears he had ever seen. Andy usually disdained firearms and rarely carried even a knife. Very often he would be forced by his foreman to tote a rifle or at least a revolver. But on this expedition from the camp to the town and return, he had nothing to protect himself but his two hands.

The bear was loping along toward the Indian. Both halted, on seeing each other. It was of no avail for Andy to climb a tree, although there was an abundance of them around. The bear could outclimb the man at any time. And Sabine was fully conscious of that fact.

No, there was but one chance for his life. That was to beat the animal at its own game. So, Andy, instead of waiting for the bear to launch the offensive, stepped toward the beast and cuffed it about the head.

The bear growled and moved from all fours to an upright position and struck out at Sabine. The Indian evaded the claws and grappled at close quarters with the animal. Andy kept moving up and down so the bear couldn't get a strangle hold on him, and at the same time, he worked for a hold on the animal. Finally, after a few minutes of activity, Andy succeeded in tripping the big creature. He fell over backward heavily. For a moment Andy thought of running but he figured it would have been of little avail to run, for the bear would have caught up to him in a few moments.

Sabine felt confident of his ability to beat the creature without getting mauled up in the combat. The big Indian trapper decided to rely on speed and the wrestling tricks he had acquired to win for him over the clumsy but powerful beast in front of him.

Uses Wit With Good Results

JUST as soon as the bear got to its paws—all fours, it raced at him, or at least it traveled a heap faster than usual with the bear species. Then the beast climbed to the hind legs position and moved about in that attitude, seeking to obtain a hold on the human being facing him.

Andy was wary. He decided to go on the defensive for a few minutes, or until he saw what he recognized as a good opportunity to send the beast spinning again. If he could give the bear a toss that would bring the animal against a tree or a rock, the frenzied creature might be knocked as cold as a Laplander's lap. And would give the Indian a chance to escape.

The bear began to manoeuvre to close in on Sabine. Striking the Indian repeatedly with both fore paws, the claws protruding menacingly, the bear was now thoroughly aroused. Sabine had never seen a member of the species so infuriated. In fact the beast was so angry, that his human opponent figured death for him would be a certainty.

Sabine began to spar for an opening. He knew it now was a question of life or death. The bear struck at him with the right fore paw, and threw himself slightly off balance when he missed the human target.

Like a flash, the red man rammed his head into the bear's stomach, and at the same time back-heeled the beast. Placing all his strength in one quick twist of the arms and body, he gained first blood in the life and death struggle. The bear tried to maintain its equilibrium, but staggered for several yards, and eventually fell on its side .

Sabine, fire in his eyes, realized his opportunity. He manoeuvered about the animal and flung the beast against a sturdy maple tree. Instead of striking the tree with its head, however, it was the back that collided with the wood.

Sabine figured the bear would arise quickly and resume the conflict, but to his surprise the bear lay there, partially subdued. It appeared evident the beast could get up, but refused. He apparently had had enough of this unusual man.

Tests Bear

SABINE, just to test his judgment that the bear was not seriously injured, stood behind some trees after walking toward the camp about 40 yards. When he was out of the bear's view, he saw the animal slowly arise. The beast looked about him, then moped away out of the Indian's view in the opposite direction. There was now no doubt of the bear's unwillingness to resume the warfare. He had been conquered in fighting spirit at least, by a son of the Canadian woods.

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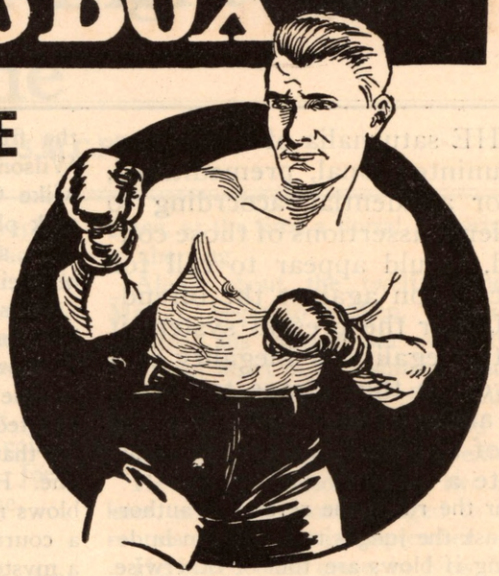

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August 8, 1927.

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The 30th of May, he came to me and told me that he was willing to whip any fighter that I had. After giving him the once over I told him that I had no light fighter his weight and he said, "Any you have, I will fight." At that time the lightest fighter I had weighed 153 pounds. He was Robert Itson of Pittsburgh. So on June 10th, I arranged a card and when the fans heard McClain was going to fight, they came in large numbers. In this fight McClain fought like a wildcat and knocked the great Pittsburgher out in the fourth round.

After the fight, I walked over to McClain and asked him what he had been doing to improve so much and he looked in his pocket and pulled a certificate from the Jimmy DeForest Boxing School.

Yours truly,

ALFRED AVERY.

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Famous Fouls, Actual or Alleged

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

THE saturnalia of low blows, unintentional, premeditated, or acicdential, acocrding to the solemn assertions of those concerned, would appear to call for drastic action against the offenders. Under the present system it as to the legality or illegality of a devolves on the referee to decide blow, and also as to whether the force of the blow is likely to incapacitate a victim.

Under the rules, the referee is authorized to ask the judges to assist him in determining if blows are foul or otherwise. It is not on record that a referee has ever requested any such help from judges. In the Dempsey-Sharkey contest, which, seemed to precede a rush of blows below the belt, the referee and both judges declared that blows delivered by Dempsey just before the bout ended were low, but the referee and one judge insisted the punches were not sufficiently damaging to warrant disqualification. However the referee was not made acquainted with the decision of the judges until after he had counted out Sharkey.

As to the question of the severity of the blows, Sharkey did not exhibit any serious sysmptoms until a day or two after the bout when he was seized with intestinal hemorrhages. Therefore, it would seem desirable to disqualify a contestant who hits low, after the stipulated number of warnings, without reference to the victim being immediately incapacitated. The chief desideratum is to impress sternly on the minds of the boxers that they MUST NOT HIT BELOW THE BELT. When that is done through the medium of disqualification, the foul evil will be reduced to the vanishing point.

Difficulties Encountered

IT is impossible for a referee, a physician or anyone else to determine whether a low blow has done serious damage to the victim unless he becomes unconscious at the time he is hit.

This has been proven by numerous instances where boxers who have been hit low failed to show any serious effects for days. The dented protection cup as evidence is farcical and should be thoroughly squelched.

A notable instance of the delayed effects of low punching was furnished by the fifteen round bout between Johnny Wilson, middleweight title holder, and Mike O'Dowd, challenger. This contest took place in the Old Garden March 18, 1921, and lasted the limit, with both men on their feet.

Wilson received the decision on points, his most effective "points" being a series of blows below the belt. Many of those at the ringside, including the writer counted from six to eight solid left handers that landed well below O'Dowd's belt line. How the recipient of these illegal blows managed to keep his feet and make a courageous fight for fifteen rounds is a mystery, and it doubtless was due solely to his rugged physical condition.

SYMPATHY

By RAN WEATHERBEE

WHEN you've taken lots of punishment
An' you're reekin' with the gore,
An' he's battered you about the ring
An' stretched you on the floor;
Both your eyes are starin' glassy,
Blood is tricklin' down your nose
An' your rival stood above you,
Knocked you down each time you rose,
Does it cheer you or console you
When the crowd begins to shout
"Aw! He's yellow!" "He can't take it!"
"Kill the big ham!" "Throw him out!"

Cause and effect were demonstrated however three days later when O'Dowd was taken to the Long Island City Hospital and operated on for hernia. This practically ended O'Dowd's career as a fighter, for in his weakened condition he was unable to fight with customary vigor.

He had lost the title to Wilson in a ten round bout in Boston, in which the referee's decision was sharply questioned, and had specially trained in an effort to regain the championship in a 15 round bout in New York. There is hardly a shadow of doubt that, had Wilson been prevented from employing foul tactics, O'Dowd would have won handily.

The low blow has frequently been employed by a boxer who feared he could not win in any other way. This was the case in the Gans-Nelson battle at Goldfield, Nevada in 1906. Nelson and his manager Billy Nolan, used every possible unfair means to get Gans into the ring in weakened condition.

Although Gans was the champion, he and his adisers permitted Nelson the challenger, to dictate all conditions for the contest. Despite the fact that McAuliffe, Lavigne, Erne and Gans had engaged in championship battles at 135 pounds or above that weight, Nelson, being a little chap, insisted on Gans making 133 pounds ringside, and while wearing trunks and shoes!

Gans yielded to the demand, and photographs of him previous to the fight showed him looking like a man ready for the undertaker. He weighed 131½ pounds at ring time. The fact that he was on his feet fighting desperately for 42 rounds was due largely to his generalship, for he certainly lacked strength.

Finding that the drastic weight had not sufficiently weakened Gans, Nelson started a series of low blows, but the negro stood up under this attack until the 42nd round when the Dane put extra power on a low punch and was disqualified by referee Georgt Siler. Nevertheless, Gans was further victimized, for of the $34,000 purse Nelson received $23,000 and Gans $11,000.

In spite of this unpleasant experience, Gans, badly advised, made two more matches with Nelson on equally unfair conditions. Shortly after the third match Gans died of tuberculosis.

Beyond all question the bout between Bob Fitzsimmons and Tom Sharkey at San Francisco, Dec. 2, 1896, developed more serio-comic sidelights than any in the history of boxing. Fitz landed his famous shift and solar plexus drive on the gallant tar in the eighth round, and Tom furled all sails and anchored on the ring floor with a look of agony on his intelligent countenance. Although the blow was quite as fair as the one of the same design handed to Corbett at Carson, the referee, a two gun person named Wyatt Earp, declared it was foul and that Sharkey was therefore the winner.

Many of those in the arena dissented from the decision, whereupon Mr. Earp drew one of his trusty irons and invited those who disagreed with him to step forward and state their case. No argument, verbal or explosive, followed, and the records contain the bare announcement that Sharkey won from Fitzsimmons on a foul in the 8th round.

Four years later Sharkey and Fitz met at Coney Island and the aged gentleman of the freckled face and arms, decided not to take another chance of having his pet blow discredited. Fitz never let a body blow loose at the sailor, but just walloped him on the jaw in the second round for a complete knockout.

Joe Gans the Greatest Lightweight of All Time

By CAPTAIN HEINIE MILLER, U.S.M.C.R.

THE greatest fighter of all time at any weight and for any period of fistiana?

I am a white man and I have seen good fighters come and go. From personal experience in ring encounters and gymnasium bouts I know what boxing is all about.

And I'll say now that there never was a fighter in the ring game to equal Joe Gans, the Baltimore Oyster Shucker.

Some years ago, Benny Leonard, then playing in vaudeville, visited the Gans' grave outside of Baltimore. He laid upon the resting place of the great negro fighter a wreath with the inscription: "To the Memory of the Greatest Lightweight that Ever Lived." To some Benny's token may have been a beautiful gesture. To others it may have been good box office business while playing Baltimore. To those WHO KNEW THEIR OLD TIMERS, whether Benny meant it or not, the sentiment on that wreath did not mean MAYBE!

What a fighter Gans was up between the ropes! What a gentleman he was offstage! He was ONE darky who was WHITE inside.

GANS had these ring essentials:

1. Gameness down to the very core.
2. The ability to "take it" when he had to.
3. The punch of a middleweight.
4. The speed and cleverness of a Jem Driscoll.
5. A "sixth sense" in the ring which enabled him to out-think his opponent, stopping blows before his opponent started them.

I once asked Gans, at the old Seal Rock gymnasium in San Francisco, how he managed to block punches before they were really started. I had just boxed six rounds with him and, while not exactly a foul ball as a boxer, I had been doing some tall and fancy missing while Gans merely moved around like the proverbial will, o-the-wisp.

I was young and strong and cocky in those days and I figured I ought to hit Gans, an older fellow and dying of "T.B." at least once in a while, particularly since Gans was merely on the defensive, blocking, side-stepping, ducking.

In answer to my question, Gans replied in his slow Maryland drawl, his face as serious and clean cut as a cameo: "Ah just see you thinkin' out what yo' all intends to do and it seems Ah can see that thought slippin' down your arm to your fists. When it gets about by your elbow Ah reach out and block that fist."

It was Gans' stepmother who coined the phrase "Bring home the bacon, Joe." Joe had a way of bringing it home.

IT was along in 1905 that Gans' doctors told him that he was dying of the dread white plague, that one lung was already gone. Gans was broke. The lightweight title, which he won from Frank Erne, was being claimd by Jimmy Britt.

Where the average fellow would keel over and die or hit it for Arizona, Gans thought only of his stepmother and her financial needs.

Although he had been boxing since 1891 and was, in 1905, literally a dying man, he went West, the Mecca of big money of that era, and twice knocked out Mike Twin Sullivan. Sullivan was a heavy welter, good enough to fight the best of the welters and middles. Gans was a dying lightweight. He knocked Sullivan out twice, once in 15 and once in 10 rounds.

He came East to fight such great ones, much heavier than himself, as Willie Lewis, Harry Lewis and Jack Blackburn.

Those were the days of Battling Nelson in the far West and the peak of the gruelling 45 round game. Gans, fighting the greatest 45 rounder that ever lived, Battling Nelson, and at the same time stalling off the Grim Reaper, went 42 long rounds with Nelson and won on a foul.

Then he knocked out Kid Herman, at Tonopah, in the famous fight in the snow. Next he stopped Jimmy Britt in 6 rounds.

George Memsic, Spike Robson, and Blackburn again, fell before Gans.

THEN came two more great fights with Battling Nelson. Gans, forced to the terrific strain of making 133 pounds ringside in his dire physical condition, went through without a whimper. Round after round he outboxed the Hegewisch Dane, at the time a literal Battering Ram of the ring.

Along about the twelfth, the "Old Master" began to weaken. Courageously he stood his ground, but everything but the stout heart in that shining black body began to crumple. For five rounds he ran further and further behind and in the seventeenth he went down, exhausted.

He fought Nelson again, two months later, and this time managed to stay 21 rounds. This was in September of 1908.

He boxed once more, in New York in March of 1909, a ten round no decision affair against Jabez White, of England.

Gans' health rapidly grew worse. In 1910 he died at Phoenix, Arizona, a wasted, wan figure of less than 100 pounds.

THERE is no comparing modern gladiators with Gans. The game was tougher then. Who is there to say that the moderns could even step the forty-five round game?

Read Gans' record! He fought lightweights, welters, middles and even lightheavies and the names of those he beat, from 1895 to 1907, INCLUDE THE NAMES OF THE BEST BOXERS OF HIS TIME!

No other fighter had a record like Gans and no other could fight like Gans.

Joe Wolcott, great welter champion, used to hop into the air and floor two hundred pounders. It is on record that he did little hopping against the lightweight, Gans.

Benny Leonard said it all when he laid that wreath on the Gans tombstone in Baltimore!

A great fighter! The greatest lightweight of all time!

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Archie Bell Claims Bantamweight Championship

With Taylor, Baldock and Canzoneri in Feather Class, Dorgan's Boy Has Big Margin on Rivals—Greatest Little Fellow I've Seen in Thirty Years, Says Jimmy Barry

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

TALKING about finds in the pugilistic mart, Ike Dorgan struck it rich when he snared Archie Bell to replenish his savings account where Frank Moran and Charley White left off.

With clean cut victories over the Filipino champion, Ignacio Fernendez, Dominick Petrone, Johnny Vacca, Jackie Cohen, Pete Sarmiento, Harold Smith, Ray Rychell and a flock of others, and the fact that Tony Canzoneri, Bud Taylor and Teddy Baldock can no longer scale 118 pounds, there is nothing left for the New York Boxing Commission to do but crown Bell king of the bantam roost. He has made his mark, has done all one could ask of a fighter and has clearly demonstrated he is head and heels above his rivals.

Armed with a certified cheque of $2,500, Bell will appear before the fistic solons of New York with a request they recognize him as champion and give him the opportunity to defend his title. It is a million to one Messrs. Farley, Muldoon and Brower will look favorably upon Bell's action and name his champion as was recently done in the case of Mike McTigue.

BELL was riding on the crest of the big honors when Canzoneri, Taylor and Baldock suddenly discovered that they had outgrown the bantam division. Only a few nights ago, Taylor and Canzoneri fought in the new Madison Square Garden as featherweights. Strangely, two weeks previous to the Taylor-Canzoneri duel, Baldock's manager in London, England, refused to give Bell a return match unless he was allowed to come in at 120 pounds. Word has been received from fistic experts to the effect Baldock is now a full-fledged featherweight.

Charley (Phil) Rosenberg vacated the throne six months ago when he came in overweight for his victorious stand against Bushey Graham. In addition to losing his mythical diadem the solons plastered one year's suspension on him.

Dorgan managed Moran and White with a skillfulness second to none. He had the big Pittsburgher almost on the top rung of the heavyweight ladder but the sorrel-topped Moral just couldn't make the grade. His fight with Jess Willard in the old Garden practically made Tex Rickard boss of the cauliflower crop in New York. On that occasion Ike grabbed $27,500, a world of money in those lean days.

White, of left hook fame, made a wise move when he teamed up with Dorgan. He was almost ready for the cleaner's, meaning a dearth of matches, when Ike happened on the scene. He got him several healthy money shots in Rickard's arena, at the same time concentrating his big guns on another bout with Benny Leonard for the lightweight crown.

Benny kept ducking White. Leonard was a marvellous performer and all that but for reasons best known to himself, he steered clear of White. Perhaps he never forgot the close call he had with his Hebraic "pal" in a Michigan ring. It was no fault of Dorgan, White did not fight Leonard again.

DORGAN believes Bell will make the greatest bantam champ since the halcyon days of Jimmy Barry. Incident-saw Archie slash his way to a glorious victory over the Filipino champion, Ignacio Fernandez in a Chicago ring two nights before Gene Tunney retained his heavyweight laurels against Jack Dempsey. Barry, who looks like a spring chicken in spite of his years—he must be over fifty—was introduced to Dorgan by Harry Forbes, featherweight boss twenty-five years ago.

"I have a great little bantam in Archie Bell," revealed Dorgan. "I'd like to have you come as my guest and look him over. After the fight I want you to give me the real low down on him." Barry promised he would.

As Bell left hooked, jabbed and right crossed the Filipino Barry waxed enthusiastic. "Mr. Dorgan, he looks like the goods to me," Jimmy declared. "He's got everything; I never saw a finer left hand in my life. Can't see how they keep him from becoming the champ. He sure is a diamond in the rough." Forbes and a flock of newspaper scribes subscribed to Barry's views.

Forbes opined that he was a second Terry McGovern. "He may not have Terry's punch," Harry said, "but he is as sturdy, fast and as clean a hitter as was McGovern. Bell had the greatest left hand I've ever seen, and I've seen the little fellows come and go over a stretch of thirty years."

BELL came into international renown by reason of his slashing fifteen rounder against Baldock, at Albert Hall, London, last May. This was his first bout over the championship route. The contest ballyhooed for the world title attracted a "gate" of $48,000. Six thousand more patrons were turned away. Bell was guaranteed $5,000. Among the spectators was the Prince of Wales. The future English ruler clapped his hands vigorously as the sawed-off American piled into the elongated Baldock.

Because of the long route Archie elected to take things easy in the first half. In the meanwhile, Teddy was piling up points. It was not until the twelfth stanza that Bell began to rally. From then on he gave the Englishman an unmerciful licking, rocking him from the soles of his feet to the top of his conk with savage left hooks to the body and face. He had Teddy almost hanging on the ropes when the encounter terminated.

Most of the fair-minded spectators thought the worst Bell should have gotten was a draw. His performance made a flock of new friends for the little Amer-

ican. His services were in demand all over Europe. He remained in London, however, to hand two artistic lacings to Kid Pattenden, who is considered second best to Baldock.

With no more worlds to conquer, as it were, Bell will be forced to defend his "laurels" against most of the boys he has already whipped. As this edition of The Ring is rushing to press, the chances are Archie may find some new trade in the young person of Vic Burrone, so-called Greenwich Village Tiger. They have never met.

The match may be bagged by Jim Mullin, the Tex Rickard of Chicago. Dorgan has accepted Johnny Vacca as Bell's next opponent in Detroit. The Filipino Fernandez, Burrone, Vacca, Graham and Georgie Rivers are about the only boys who stand in Bell's path. He has beaten Fernandez and Vacca. If Graham and Rivers want a boxing lesson Archie will be very glad to accommodate them.

BELL has been fighting almost six years, two in the amateur ranks and the other four on big time. He is only twenty-two years of age. He was born in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. The family consists of his parents, three brothers and one sister. He is now a resident of East New York. This new Ghetto section across the bridge has produced a number of other well known mitt slingers such as Charlie Beecher and his brother Willie, Jackie Snyder, Nat Pincus, Pal, Marty and Joey Silvers and Jackie Cohen.

Bell was not carved out to be a fighter. His father insisted that he take up a college career after he graduated from P. S. 150. About this time another young scrapper by the name of Lew Goldberg came into Archie's life. Lew used to dangle gold watches, pins and charms before Bell's face.

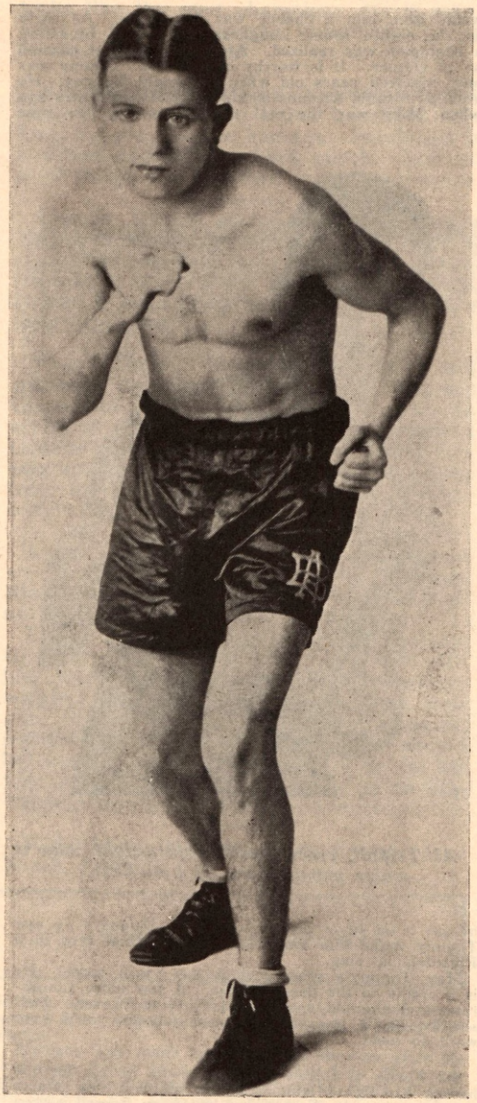
"Where do you get all that jewelry from?" asked Archie.

"I'm an amateur fighter and everytime I win they give me presents," revealed Goldberg.

It wasn't long before Archie joined the simon pures. He enlisted in the cause of the Trinity Club then a progressive organization in the heart of the City of Churches. He was a flyweight, scaling 105 and under. He engaged in 100 matches losing but four, a remarkable record. He held the Metropolitan and Brooklyn-Long Island flyweight titles.

BELL celebrated his professional debut at the expense of Al Liebowitz at the Ridgewood Club. Sol Goldie, who has handled many champions in his time, particularly Sid Terris, became impressed with the youngster's pugilistic versatility and contracted him for five years. Because of his exacting duties as trainer and second Sol turned Bell over to Dorgan.

"I'm giving you the next bantam champion," Goldie informed Dorgan. "But I must remain as his trainer and second



Archie Bell, Brooklyn's Greatest Bantamweight

because I know him like no one else." Dorgan was agreeable.

Bell was an unknown quantity until he squared off against Tony Canzoneri in the semi-final to the Ace Hudkins-Ruby Goldstein bout at Coney Island two years ago. They went at it hammer and tongs from the tap of the first bell. Both were covered with blood entering the fifth round. They had cuts on their eyes and faces and lumps on the head.

The referee humanely intervened in this particular session and made an unsportsmanlike decision. He declared Canzoneri the winner. The crowd was in an uproar. They couldn't believe their eyes as announcement was forthcoming that the bout had been stopped and the "duke" awarded to Tony. The third man in the ring on that night would have earned the commendation and plaudits of the vast assemblage if he had declared the bout "no contest."

Undaunted by the bad break in his unsullied career, Bell went about the task of venting his vengeance on some others. Illness, however, put him on the shelf two or three times for three and four month stretches.

Upon his return from the other side Bell repaired to Chicago where he trounced Vacca, Sarmiento, Smith, Conney Curry, Rychell and Bobby Hughes.

HIS first appearance in a New York after the Canzoneri scrap was at the Queensboro several weeks ago, where he annihilated Dominick Petrone in ten hurricane heats. Petrone was the favorite in the betting. Bell got the jump on his antagonist and cut him to ribbons with his marvellous left paw. Try as he might the Italian just couldn't keep his mush out of Archie's southpaw delivery.

Then came the Fernandez match in Chicago. The Filipino had just relegated Abe Goldstein to the scrap heap. He was the reigning sensation in the middle west. Many thought Dorgan had pulled a prize boner in matching his boy with the socking Filipino. On the night of the fight the sharpers quoted the youngster from the rice fields 8 to 5 favorite.

Bell lost no time carrying the fight to Fernandez, making him look like the proverbial tyro at infighting. In the ninth round Ignacio rapped a triphammer right on Bell's jaw rocking him for the nonce. Bell recovered immediately and retaliated with a left that almost knocked his man over the top rope. The officials had no hesitancy awarding Archie the decision.

Bell has saved his money. Only the other day he invested $18,000 of his ring earnings in a home in Flatbush. The day is not far distant when he will be collecting rents. He uses his brains as well outside the ring as he does in competition.

"After my fighting days are over I'm going to college to take up some course," said Archie in a fanning bee. "I am young. I owe a great debt to boxing because it has made a healthy man of me. I may either become a pharmacists or lithographer."

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Greater New York News and Gossip

By LEFT JAB

SEPTEMBER and October contributed two new world champions in addition to several upsets and a flock of sensational performances.

In about as thrilling a heavyweight titular duel as has been seen in many years Gene Tunney turned back Jack Dempsey for the second time while 130,000 frantic fans yelled themselves hoarse. It remained for Dempsey to supply the only dramatic incident of the whole ten rounds when he dropped his conqueror for a nine count in the never-to-be-forgotten seventh.

Don't bet the old lady's jewels but get a little on the line that Gene and Jack will participate in the third Battle of the Century net year. Do not wager a year's salary but let go of a few "cocoanuts" that the big scrap will be staged in Detroit.

Although the Tunney-Dempsey battle overshadowed any and everything in the cauliflower market, there were many great stunts pulled around in this neck of woods and nearby hamlets that deserve commendation.

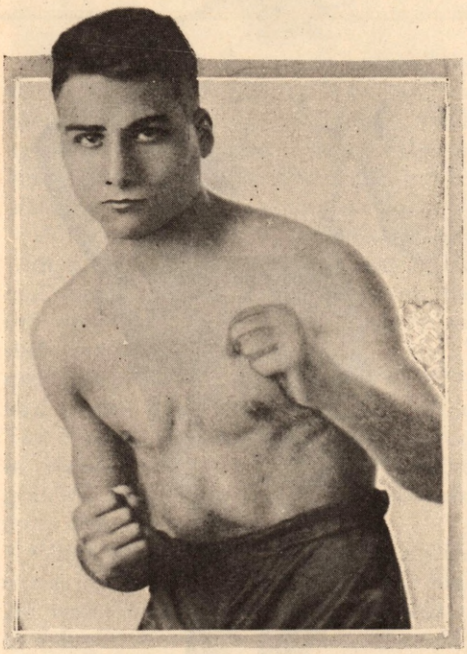
We'll take them in rotation. First came the thrilling Sid Terris-McGraw bout in Brooklyn. Although knocked down four times Sid came on to earn the verdict. The coronation of Benny Bass in Philadelphia as featherweight champion after he licked Red Chapman was a noteworthy achievement.

Tom Heeneys' sensational kayo over Jim Maloney has the boys still talking. Not forgetting Jack Britton's fine comeback. The veteran ringster defeated Joey Knapp, Georgie Levine and Irish Tommy Jordan one after the other. The humiliation of Monte Munn at the hands of the bulky George Godfrey wasn't much to rave about but it boosted Godfrey's stock. Hilario Martinez's cleancut victory over Terris was the biggest upset. Some of the boys who nibbled at the tremndous odds—8 to 1 and 10 to 1—got enough for the winter's supply of coal.

Another talkfest in the Roaring Forties had to do with the sudden termination of the return duel between Terris and McGraw. The former lost on a foul in the second round. Another cleanup for the wisenheimers. By virtue of victories over Billy Kely and Blas Rodriguez, Corporal Izzy Schwartz today is leading the procession for the flyweight throne recently vacated by Fidel La Barba.

It remained for debonair Tommy Loughran to wreck "past performances" like so much tissue paper. Tommy electrified 13,000 howling, scheeching enthusiasts in Tex Rickard's lstic emporium by his cleancut victory over the ancient Michael Francis McTigue. Loughran was crowned light heavy champion. He was Mike's master in almost every one of the fifteen hard fought rounds. Except for the fifteenth stanza when Mike made his last stand the fight was one-sided. Loughran left jabbed and left hooked his man at will crossing the right opportunely. He also rocked Mike's head with well timed right uppercuts. Boy, it was a great sight to see the youngster make Mike look foolish. But be it said in McTigue's favor, however, that he never took a back step carrying on in spite of the fusillade of blows. The old boy kept charging in just like Dempsey did in his first fight with Tunney.

Philadelphia should feel very proud of Loughran because he is the first worth while champ the Quaker City has had since the halycon days of Jack O'Brien. He is a modest, unassuming, clean living man of twenty-four birthdays. For three years he struggled to get a belt at the title, and the only man who would give him a chance was MacTigue. As early as the eighth round Loughran's dream of becoming a champion was realized. After that he just coasted on to victory. It is worthy of note that Tommy was only nineteen years old when he fought Tunney. He gave a splendid account of himself. Several years ago when Mike was the real titleholder—this last time



Al Tripoli, crack junior lightweight who is under management of Lou Brix.

he got it on silver platter from Jack Delaney—we saw Tommy make him look like the proverbial tyro in a Philadelphia ring.

May Tommy's reign last a few years more! He is a credit to the boxing game. A few more Loughrans and the old sport would go on forever. Personally he is one of the finest fellows you'd ever want to meet.

Sid Terris is forced to spend some of his fortune having his tights laundered. In his last four starts the fast stepping East Sider has been floored eleven times. The resin dust has clogged up his nostrils. Billy Wallace taught him the first rudiments of hitting the canvas. In their swell setto in the Garden a year ago the Clevelander set Sidney down on his all fours thrice. It was a bitter pill for Terris to swallow but he came back like a house on fire and just came in under the wire.

Ruby Goldstein, his arch enemy, added insult to injury by flooring him with a triphammer right. On this occasion, however, Sid got right up and lost no time burying Ruby in the resin dust. Then came the McGraw tilt. Who'd thought the much battered Detroit florist had power enough in the right maulie to send Sid crashing to the canvas four times right in the first heat? It reminded us of the night when Richie Mitchell floored Benjamin Leonard. Terris managed to get his bearings and from then on gave Philly a nifty pasting.

We may be wrong, but we can't get away from the belief that Terris' million dollar legs have gone back on him. His legs was his greatest asset. Those who begged him to go in and take chances should have known better. Sid is strictly a great boxer and it's worth the price of admission to see him box. Trading blows with the hefty hitters is no business for him.

Bing Conley, light heavy "champion" of the New England States, is out with a challenge to Jimmy Slattery, the man whom the National Boxing Association recently crowned champion. In his last two starts Conley gave Paul Berlenbach and Tiger Flowers more than they bargained for. He has also defeated Roy Mitchell, Benny Kreuger, Elzear Rioux, and knocked out Tommy Robson in five rounds. Conley was born in County Cork, Ireland, and came to this country when he was fifteen years of age and settled in Lewistown, Me. He is under the management of "handsome" Con O'Brien, of Fourteenth Street and Thoid Avenoo.

Paddy Mullins has a corking welter in Johnny Indrisano, of Boston. A few months ago he was only a four-round scrapper in the Hub. On the Joe Dundee-Pete Latzo championship card Indriasano was thrown in with Billy Alger after Willie Harmon was taken out. Alger was 1 to 5 favorite. Johnny spilled the beans. Since then the youngster has whipped Nick Testo twice, Joe Dundee and Tommy Freeman.

They are still picking 'em soft for Roberto Roberti. The Italian heavy was held to a draw by Jack Townsend who isn't much.

Little Johnny Huber, who was a good 'un in the armories, turned in a fine performance against Lew Perfetti. He substituted for Vic Burrone at the last minute. A week later he received the decision over Eddie O'Dowd.

They are still ducking Jack McVey, Harlem welter. Too bad he's colored. If he were white he'd make Joe Dundee and other challengers jump over the top rope. In Cleveland a few weeks ago he slaughtered Pete Latzo, but Johnny Kilbane, kind-hearted referee, called it a draw.

Joe Rocco, of Harlem, is a good feather prospect. A week ago he scored his tenth straight victory. Among some of the better known boys he has whipped are Jimmy Kelly, Soldier Buckley and Joe Curry. "Tex" Sullivan, George L. Rickard's head office boy, is Rocco's manager.

Bill Duffy, who was in Jack Dempsey's corner at both the Sharkey and the Tunney fights this year is proudly displaying a valuable watch (it hocks for a "grand") which the former heavyweight king presented to him recently. Dempsey did not miss a little joke in connection with the piece of jewelry that he gave Duffy. Tiny as the watch is, it contains two sets of figures, one of a regular timepiece and the other a second stop watch, which is a sly allusion to the supposed "long count" in Chicago.

The inscription is "To Bily Duffy, a Regular Fellow, From Jack Dempsey." Duffy has Dempsey's permission to add to this inscription. The addition will be "Still Heavyweight Champion of the World."

They have labelled Armand Emanuel, Jewish heavyweight of California, a "second Jim Corbett." The twenty-one year old lad came through with colors flying against the tough George La Rocco on the Dempsey-Tunney card at Chicago. Emanuel floored La Rocco in one of the early rounds and beat him with ease. The youngster exhibited plenty of class. The time is not far distant when he will show in these parts.

Big-hearted Ike Dorgan reports that he will handle Emanuel's business in the East. At this writing he is under the management of his father. He finished a college career two months ago. Emanuel wants to throw one or two more fights under his belt on the Coast before coming here. From the little we saw of him in Chicago battle Emanuel sizes up as the fastest heavyweight in the game today. He scales 180 but because of his youth he will pile on weight as the months drag on.

His greatest asset is a left jab. The "Jewish Corbett" with his spotless record and his likeable personality, would be a great hero of the Hebrew boxing fans who constitute a goodly portion of the crowd that lays the money on the line at the box office. As yet there has been no Jewish heavyweight champion; no great fighter of the heavier class since Joe Choynski of barge fame in the Corbett days.

The first man who gave us a line on Emanuel was Joe Jacobs. He happened to be in San Francisco several months ago seconding Johnny Dundee against Tod Morgan. Upon his return he clarioned the following info: "There's a big fellow on the Coast who looks like a coming champ. And he's a Jew. I wish I could lay my hands on him. He's got everything."

Joe Glick turned in an exhilarating performance against Doc Snell beating the Tacoma lad with ease. The Williamsburg junior lightweight is going great guns. Before he took Snell into camp Glick enjoyed a good workout at the expense of Bobby Garcia. Harry Alberts has a number of good matches lined up for his scrapper. "If I had a flock of Glicks I could use them every other night," sighs Dead Pan Harry.

The scramble for dates for the 1927-28 indoor season has been settled. At a recent meeting of the Boxing Commission Monday was awarded to the Lenox S. C. in Harlem; new Broadway Arena, Brooklyn, and the Brighton Boxing Club in Staten Island. The St. Nicholas Arena received Tuesday and the Pioneer

Boxing in Havana

By MILTON BARON

ONCE again Havana is having its regular weekly fight programs, which are being held at the New Fronton Stadium, owing to the fact that Arena Colon is being rebuilt.

Black Bill, Cuba's premier flyweight who just returned from New York, was matched with Kiki Torres, local bantam, and after ten rounds of hard milling, Bill was awarded a popular decision. Kiki gave a good account of himself and gave his more experienced opponent a run for the money.

Luis "Pincho" Gutierrez, who promoted the fight, came out smiling with a big gate receipt and a nice net profit. Pincho is full of ambition, and informs the writer that he expects to do big things this winter.

Pablo Blanco, known as the "Cuban Pancho Villa," won on a foul in 2 rounds from Manolo Leon. Blancho was floored in the first round, but came back like a house on fire in the second stanza and got Leon all excited, which caused the foul.

Pardo Alemany just returned from a few weeks' business trip to New York where he signed several contracts with first-class boxers who will soon be imported to Cuba.

Jose Arguelles, one of Cuba's best prospects in years, also returned from New York where he spent one month's vacation. Arguelles will start training at once, and will be a busy boy this winter.

Nicasio Varela gained an eight-round decision over Angel Diaz, the present featherweight champion. Varela will now be matched with Antonio Herrera, to decide an opponent for the champion in a fifteen round title tilt.

Antonio Herrera, a fast two fisted battler looks like the next champion. He is managed by Pincho Gutierrez, known here as the "Cuban Jack Kearns."

Kid Sotolongo, Frank Fawler's sterling bantam, scored a two round knockout over Lew Tendler, Cuban bantam. Sotolongo is a clever boy with a hard punch. Lots of good things will be heard from this ringster.

Rogelio Mestre scored a knockout over Mativitch when the referee, Mike Castro, stopped the fight in the fourth round. Mestre proved too fast for the game Mativitch. It was a good scrap with both boys trying their best always.

Ramon Perez, Cuba's best bantam, will probably be matched soon with Frankie Genaro of New York, if the bout can be arranged for. Ramon recently trounced Genaro Pino into submission, but Pino's title was not at stake. If Pino does not return from the United States in time his bantamweight belt will be turned over to Perlz.

Latin-American S. C. is still having a great success with its semi-pro fights. Messrs. Rios and Fawler are doing well. Good luck to 'em.

Luis Parga, known all over this country, is at present in New York. He has with him Henry Duwanker, the French featherweight, Armando and Arthur Shakels, Belgian light and welter, and Jean Mangeot, middleweight from France. Parga should be kept quite busy in New York as he has four good performers—especially so in Duwanker the French Flash.

Kid Charol has once more journeyed to South America.

NEW YORK BOXING NEWS

(*Continued from page 22*)

Wednesday. On Thursdays the Columbus S. C. of Yonkers is licensed to run, and Madison Sq. Gardon received its long established date, Friday of every week through the season without opposition. The only club getting Saturday was the new Ridgewood Grove in Brooklyn.

At the same meeting Promoter Humbert J. Fugazy was reinstated. Fugazy, suspended a few days before until he paid to Charles Cardio, manager of Red Champan, that part of Chapman's forfeit of $2,000 which had not been drawn against paid back the money to the Commission.

Carl Duane is back with his old manager Mike Valentine. . Billy Gibson released him a few days ago. Mike developed the Bronx Steam Roller. They came to the parting of the ways two years ago and Gibson took hold of him. Carl is not through. He scales 134 pounds.

Andy Divodi is becoming a menace in the welter ranks. In his last three starts the youngster knocked out Red Herring for the first time in the Mississippian's career, boxed rings around Charley Rosen and triumphed on a foul over Izzy Grove. Divodi is practically matched with Hilario Martinez, Spanish socker. This bout will be a whiz bang while it lasts.

Thirteen thousand of the old faithful sat in at Shamus Maloney's "wake" several weeks ago. In the presence of Jack Dempsey and Jim Jeffries at the new Garden Tom Heeney, sturdy New Zealander, brought the Hub man's career to an end by rocking him to sleep in one minute and seventeen seconds of the first round. A left to the stomach and a trip-hammer right to the whiskers laid Shamus' face down in the resin dust as if dead. Jim tried to get up one knee but he couldn't make the grade.

Before the fight many gave Jim a chance to win. Heeney was only an 8 to 5 favorite, picayune odds considering that Maloney had been flattened by George Godfrey and Jack Sharkey, while Heeney was deprived of a well earned victory against Paulino Uzcudun.

Maloney was made ready for the cleaners after his inglorious defeat at the hands of Sharkey. He never got over that beating. He had all he could to beat an old ham like Jamaica Kid, who in the days when he conditioned Dempsey for the Willard fight, would have licked a roomful of Maloneys.

There is no stopping Benny Touchstone. The Florida youth turned the tables on Harold Mays impressively on the same card with Maloney and Heeney. He dropped Mays for a nine count in the second round and from then on won by himself. Touchstone is one of the finest prospects unearthed in a blue moon. Beating Mays was a man's sized job.

"Feet" Edson is the newest addition to the managerial ranks. The former cabaret owner is piloting Harry Wallach and Lew Moskowitz.

Ben Stern is now handling Paul Berlenbach. The former light heavy champ broke away from Dan Hickey for reasons best known to themselves. Berlenbach is matched with Mickey Walker in Los Angeles. Jack Kearns, Mickey's manager, engineered the match. Kearns and Stern are bosom pals. We wouldn't go across the street to see this one. Paul is all shot and Mickey isn't much. Three cheers for dear old California.

Phil Scott, who bounces "h's" around like so many pennies, is in our midst aching to get a toehold on some Amerfcan dollars. The English heavyweight, who is reported to have a glass jaw and a bad tummy, wants to fight Jack Dempsey for a starter. Hope somebody spares Philip. But the American motto "give them a chance," is allright with us. Jimmy Johnston, who specializes in English scrappers, is assisting Charlie Rose, London newspaper man, handling Scott's work in these nited States. Rose is a fine Englishman and a good sportsman.

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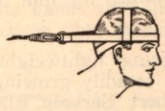

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Boxing News from England

By EDDIE BORDEN

(*London—By Special Correspondence*)

AN inspiration to the veteran athlete who considers himself passe is offered in the person of Ted "Kid" Lewis, at one time considered, inch for inch and pound for pound, the greatest fighter developed in the British Isles. Virtually rated as a "has been," Ted Kid has startled the critics by staging a miraculous "come back" campaign that has placed him in the spotlight as a remarkable personality.

Forsaking his old time haunts and his many well wishers, he disappeared for several months and applied himself to the arduous task of daily road work and difficult exercises to test himself as to his qualifications. Finding that he was still able to go through his paces without blowing up, Ted set about seeking fruit for his efforts.

He was given a match with Joe Green in his initial tryout at the Premierland and the East End arena was jammed to capacity with curious onlookers to see what Lewis could really do. Lewis stopped his foe in four rounds and looked exceedingly well, considering his long layoff. In turn he disposed of Jim Carr in three rounds, Noel Steenhorst in ten rounds, Ted Coveney in six rounds and in his last appearance tackled the rough and ready Joe Rolfe, who had successfully withstood the onslaughts of Alf Mancini, Len Harvey and many other top-notchers.

Lewis, at the present moment, is a full-fledged middleweight possessing his old ring craft and still retains possession of his left hook, which played havoc with the best welterweights in the country several years ago.

A few more impressive victories will put him in line for a smash at Tommy Milligan for the European middleweight title and a legion of admirers are strenuously pulling for him to come through to the top.

Kid Berg, a highly promising lightweight, added a notable victory to his steadily growing list when he vanquished Robert Servain, the Frenchman, in the sixth round of their fifteen round match at Premierland recently. Berg is only eighteen years of age but looms as a formidable figure in British fistic circles. Servain will be remembered in the States for fighting Frankie Fink a ten round draw at Madison Square Garden several months ago.

Berg administered a thorough trouncing to Servain until the latter surrendered, owing to a badly injured lip.

Ernie Jarvis, prominent contender for the flyweight crown, has been forced to take an extended vacation owing to an accident sustained while cranking his automobile. Ernie, although not highly rated by the English critics, is one of the outstanding cracks for wordly titular honors in the division vacated by Fidel La Barba.

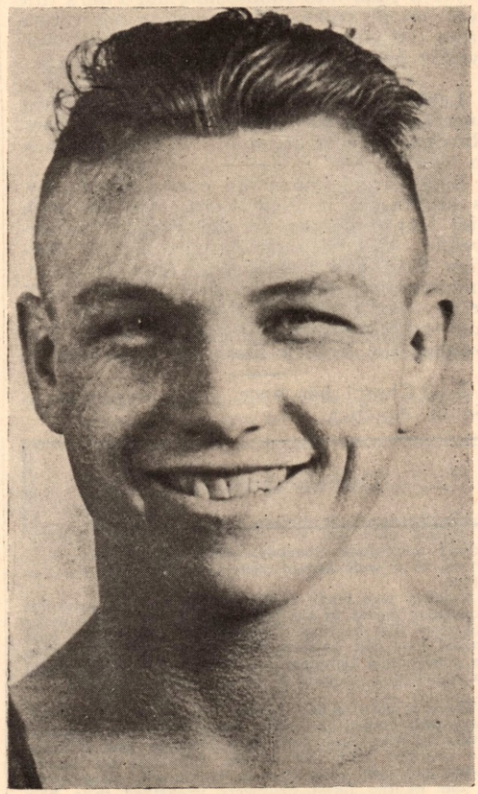
Ernie's rugged constitution and sturdy combativeness enabled him to be returned victorious over the best American flyweights and an elimination tournament would not be complete without the entrance of Jarvis.

Alf Mancini, British-Italian welterweight aspirant, is contemplating another American invasion immediately after he fulfills a few engagements that are booked for him. Mancini and Harry Mason are the two foremost contenders for the belt that adorns the person of Jack Hood but Mancini stands first choice of getting a crack at Hood's diadem. Mason has already opposed Hood twice while Mancini has yet to face the clever and sharp-shooting Birmingham product.

There is little pugilistic activity pervading the atmosphere at the present moment because of the scarcity of fistic material.

The fistic colony here has been augmented somewhat by the appearance of Willie Smith, South African bantamweight champion, who came here in order to wrest glory from Teddy Baldock, the wizardly British phenom.

Smith and Baldock were matched by the International Sports Syndicate to meet at Albert Hall on October 6 in a fifteen round encounter. Smith first came into prominence when he won the Olympic boxing championship in 1924 and has since advanced in a highly meritorious fashion. He holds decisions over the Young Johnny and Johnny Brown, Ernie Jarvis, Jimmy McKenzie and hosts of others of like calibre.



Lea Lomski, star Coast battler, who is making much headway

Smith is imbued with a highly ambitious nature and intends to seek a match with Bud Taylor if he emerged triumphant over Baldock, which as anyone will inform you is a mighty difficult achievement.

The International Sports Syndicate headed by Bernard Mortimer is the only worthwhile boxing organization in the British Isles. It is comprised of a group of honest, sincere sportsmen who are industriously trying to boom boxing without looking for the monetary returns.

There is still keen speculation around these parts regarding the future of Teddy Sandwina, the eighteen year old, German-Jewish-American heavyweight, who deteriorated so lamentably against George Cook in his last two starts.

Ted's early career reads like a fairy story. His mother, Kate Sandwina, reputed to be the world's strongest woman, was traveling with the Barnum and Bailey circus when Teddy came into existence at Sioux City, Iowa. His godfather was the late President Theodore Roosevelt. John Ringling, the big circus magnate, was greatly interested in the future of little Teddy and at one time wished to adopt him but failed to receive the sanction of his mother.

His total pugilistic career consists of eleven professional contests. He scored seven knockouts, drew and defeated Con O'Kelly and was beaten twice by George Cook.

Teddy is a fine specimen of glorious manhood, standing well over six feet in height, weighing 195 pounds, and magnificently proportioned. With his recent discouragements forgotten, there is no limit to where he may rise. A powerful hitter with either hand, deadgame, aggressive, courageous and only asset lacking is, experience.

Johnny Cuthbert, holder of the Lord Lonsdale belt in the featherweight brigade, appears to be the busiest of the Briton titleholders. Under the management of Johnny Sharpe, who has implanted many worthwhile American customs in the cranium of Cuthbert, he has improved wonderfully in his boxing skill and stands out as a truly representative type of British boxer. He has an uncanny style and possesses the faculty of bewildering and annoying his opponents with preposterous ease.

The two Johnnies are anticipating a visit to the States and are seeking the best offer from the rival promoters before they attempt the journey. His record as European champion should entitle him to consideration in the tourney for the vacated featherweight crown now held by the New York State Athletic Commission.

The excellent showing made by Tom Heeney, the New Zealand product, in his various New York bouts, especially his knockout in one round of Jim Maloney, has done much to boom the judgment of the two Mortimer Brothers, Bernard and John, in the belief that Heeney was capable of exhibiting close to championship form. If Heeney returns here, he'll make a snug sum.

Having added Ted "Kid" Lewis to his stable of mitt-wielders, Joe Morris may now lay claim to have the most extensive stable of boxers appearing before the European public. Besides Lewis, there are Teddy Baldock, who is claiming the world's title, Ernie Jarvis, Roland Todd, Johhny Curley, Alf Simmons, Norman Redford, Kid Nicholson and Dod Oldfield.

Babe Cullen, the genial Newark, N. J., promoter, is visiting London. He expects to remain here for several weeks. Babe is greatly impressed with the cordiality being extended him in all quarters and has nothing but praise for the Britons.

Anyone seeking information regarding the boxing situation in England or in Europe will receive full information by communicating with Eddie Borden, 69 Gower Street, London, W. C., England.

Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

PARIS—By Special Correspondence. The French boxing season which opened up this month at the local clubs run under the auspices of the American-French promoter, Jeff Dickson, the Tex Rickard of France, gives promise of being a most interesting one. As the writer pointed out in a recent letter, the old guard of French boxers who did so well in years gone by have gradually faded away.

A new regiment of fine battlers are beginning to show real fighting spirit and the depleted ranks will within the next year or two be replenished, judging from present appearances with fighters equal to those that France could boast of in pre-war days.

In the lighter weight classes the French boxers are exceedingly good. The American fans have seen featherweight Routis, recently. He appeared to have made good in the States. There are two others at the weight considered better than Routis, and they are Humery and Pothier. The latter recently defeated Young Cyclone, the Spanish champion, who by the way, gave Al Brown the hardest fight that the Panama-American colored boy had on this side.

In "Spider" Pladner, France has a flyweight who will take some beating from any at the poundage. It was expected that arrangements would have been made to send him to the States before now, but the trip was put off until the winter season sets in.

MAYOR WALKER, with a party of friends, were the guests of promoter Dickson at the Pladner-Frankie Ash fight at the Salle Wagram arena on September 16. Never before have I witnessed such a wonderful reception tendered to any man in a European boxing arena as that which Mayor Walker received.

Every man and woman in the place cheered him. I have often heard the expression that the roof was raised by cheering. If it had been possible to raise the roof of the staple old arena the night that Jimmy Walker attended, we would have been left sitting in the rain.

French Notes

PROMOTER Dickson ran off a boxing entertainment at the Salle Wagram, September 20, for the benefit of the Paris Post, of the American Legion, No. 1. It turned out a gigantic success. The headliner had Pothier, the French champion featherweight, and the Spanish champion Young Cyclone. After twelve rounds of slashing fighting the decision on points went to Pothier. General Pershing graced the entertainment with his presence.

There was an ocean of money bet on the result of the Tunney-Dempsey fight in Paris, and there was considerable excitement over the outcome. The New York Bar kept open all night and did a rushing business until the cable reports came in about five o'clock in the morning. Many other establishments kept open house in different parts of Paris.

Georges Carpentier completed his six months' theatrical engagement the middle of September. He made a big success. During his last week he sang one of his own compositions entitled "Vagabond Philosophy" (I'll be all right by'n by). The words of a couple of verses run as follows:

Only just a vagabond
That runs about the street,
Has come an awful cropper
And is mad from head to feet.
The little chap says, smiling,
Though tears are in his eye:
"Mud and dirt will soon rub off,
I'll be all right by'n' by."

And so in life perhaps you'll get
A reg'lar knock out blow.
You're down and out and, so to speak,
Are mud from top to toe.
Don't lie and grouse, but try to smile
And have the pluck to cry:
"The mud and dirt will soon rub off,
I'll be all right by'n' by."

Humery, the French featherweight, will get a good tryout when he meets the English champion featherweight, Johnny Cuthbert, at Jeff Dickson's Cirque de Paris arena, which is now scheduled.

AL BROWN, the Panama-American, will probably be signed up to meet Andre Routis for a bout to be held in Paris in the near future.

Nitram, the middleweight champion of France, has been signed up for several fights during the next few months. Nitram is the best French middleweight developed in France during the past ten years.

The French Boxing Federation have started running off amateur competitions to develop material for the Olympic competitions at Amsterdam next year. There are some very likely looking candidates in all classes up to the middleweight poundage.

General Descamps has several new boxers in his stable. He is one manager who keeps his boys in shape by getting them plenty of work.

Promoter Dickson will stage many international bouts during the winter season. He would be pleased to give any American boxers of reputation bouts, providing they come over at their own expense and fight on percentage.

There is lots of money to be picked up by good American boxers making a European trip, taking in England, France, Germany, Sweden and Italy.

English Notes

PRIMO UBALDO, the Italian middleweight, was unfortunate when fighting the Englishman, Joe Rolfe, in a bout held at The Ring. During a spell of infighting in the fifth session, his left hand came up a trifle low and he was disqualified.

Jack Ellis, a former amateur flyweight, is doing quite well since entering the professional ranks. In his second professional fight against clever Johnny Quill, he won by a knockout in seven rounds.

Fred Dyer, an English manager, has charge of Jack Kirby, a flyweight, who is willing to back for a good-sized side bet against the British champion Johnny Hill of Scotland, or any other man in the world.

Tom Berry, the ex-cruiser-weight champion, keeps busy. He has enough bouts to keep him in condition without doing any training.

Gipsy Daniels is another very industrious fighter. There is hardly a week passes without the "Gyp" having a bout.

Two English boxers, Bugler Lake, and Kid Socks, fought recently in Milan, Italy. Lake drew after twelve rounds with Peter Bianchi, and Socks fared likewise against the other Italian, Dom Bernasconi.

Ted "Kid" Lewis continues to do well in his comeback stunt. He has had half a dozen fights since making another start in the fistic game, and he has accounted for all of them by victories. His latest opponent was Ted Coveney whom he stopped in nine rounds.

Young Johnny Brown, of England, knocked out the Afrikander Johnny Sullivan in seven rounds, at Johannesburg, early in September.

The Ring in London, which keeps boxing alive throughout the year like the horse racing plants, is suffering from greyhound racing, which sport has taken all of the British Isles by storm. Mrs. Dick Burge, the proprietress of The Ring, and Manager Sullivan's point of view for the falling off in attendance the past few months is that everybody has beein "going to the dogs."

The Ring is about the only place that keeps the game alive in London during the summer season, by running three shows each week.

THERE has been, to a considerable extent, quite a cutting down in the length of the fights in England during the past six months. Formerly twenty rounds was generally the distance for the headliners, now fifteen rounds is becoming the standard distance. This, it is said, is attributed to the meeting held in the Queens Hotel last February, at which Nat Fleischer, publisher of the Ring, urged such procedure.

Boxing is quite lively in the English provincial towns. In Liverpool, and Newcastle, the boxing game draws big.

Scottish Notes

Edinburgh, Scotland, is a good boxing city. When a Scot is matched there against an Englishman, there is always a big turn out of the clans.

Glasgow is another of the Scottish towns that boxing is going big in. Tommy Milligan is a great favorite with his countrymen. He will probably be matched in the near future against one of the best English middleweights.

Milligan has not fought since his battle against Mickey Walker. He required a long rest after that fight, in which he took a hard beating. The first man that Milligan will meet will probably be Tom Berry.

Canadian Boxing Gossip

By JACK JARVIS

THE Canadian sporting fraternity, doffed its "old brown derbies," and offered congratulations to Mons Armand Vincent, the hustling young French-Canadian, when his importation, Vierotter, the German swimming marvel, won the Wrigley—Exhibition, 21 mile marathon, and romped home all by hiself. Vincent will no doubt be in the "money," as his moving picture, and vaudeville contracts, for his protege call for big chunks of coin of the realm. Lady luck, was not too good to Armand, while featering some good class boxing shows in Montreal, and he had many touh breaks.

Barney Doran, Calgary's wild-eyed, bighearted Irishman, writes that he is training a very likely looking heavyweight, in battling Kid Osborne, who is under the management of Bill Buxton. Doran says that the last victim of his able-bodied, puncher, was none other than our old friend Jack Reddick, who Osborne stiffened in seven rounds.

Little "Frenchy" Bellanger, Toronto's demon flyweight fighter bumped Bobby Clary, on the button, in the second round with a terrific right hand smash. This dynamic little fellow has a lot of class. He has been battling two years, professionally, amongst others he has won over Wee Willie Woods, Ty Coleman, Hal Stevenson, Harry Goldstein, also drew with the latter, and illie Davis besides knocking out, Joe Mckean, Vic St. Onge, Leo Passavanti, Hughie Manson, and others.

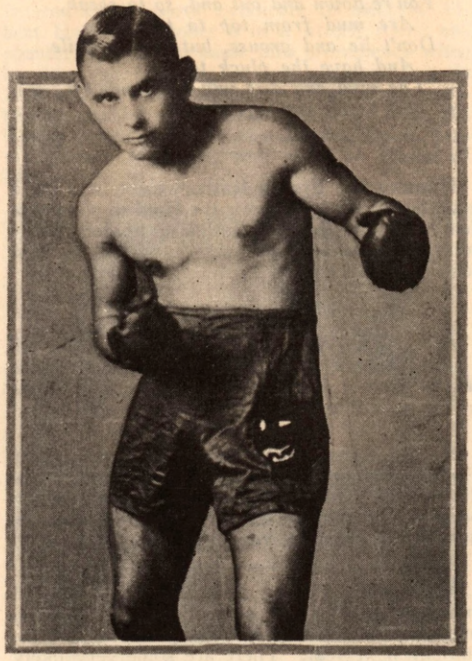
Toronto's last show at the Arena Gardens sponsored by Messrs. Beauchamp and How, local promoters, the fans saw a hectic night of battling. D. Lewis, colored welterweight, was outpointed by young Firpo, Eddie Robinson of Montreal gained a victory over Jimmy Roberts of New York. "Frenchy" Bellanger, local flyweight sensation "buttoned" Bobby Leitham, former amateur champion. Bobby Booth, caught the judges eye in a bout with Joe Hearne.

"Jersey" Jones, well-known New York impresario, wants to send his dashing little flyweight Tommy Nann, (Minty Rose), a former resident of the "Ould Sod," and who has a record of over 100 battles without defeat as a flyweight, against Alex Burlie, or Frenchy Bellanger. A bout between Bellanger and "Minty" would be the "berries," and may be slated ere very long.

Dave Garity's hard thumping flyweight "Frenchy" Bellanger may be an entry in the New York flyweight elimination tourney, Bellanger's application was a little late but there is a possibility of squeezing in. Should Bellanger get in, there is no doubt that he will create a mild surprise in Gotham.

George Fifield, who has been summering near the shores of Lake Simcoe, passed up some important money and bouts during the months of August and September. Tom Goodwin, Boston promoter, wanted him against Al Mello, Toledo promoters were seeking him against Tommy Freman, while Walter Taylor, Cleveland promoter, offered him a bout with Jack McVey, who is drawing big houses in Cleveland now.

Chris Newton, former lightweight champion is back again from Eastern Canada, where he has been for the past two months, campaigning with the elite of the Nova Scotian battlers. Chris did not lose a single battle, while entertaining the famous "bluenoses" from the maritime provinces. It is



Young Manuel Quintero, lightweight champion of Cuba and the South.

likely that Newton will try and regain his lightweight crown from Leo Kid Roy, before the winter sets in.

Tom Dyer, droll story teller from kitchener, writes to say that he has discovered a heavyweight prospect. Dyer opines that his find can lick a lot of the "ginks" parading around in the heavyweight division. Alright Tom old boy, plenty of room for him to do his stuff. In his recent letter Tommy also promises to tell us a little anecdote of a certain "fighter" of a few years ago, who had nine hundred and ninety-nine fights, and won ONE on a foul. This is sure to be a good one, and we wll have to be on the ground floor when Tommy pipes this one.

Rushing to shelter recently from a torrential down-pour, a small gathering drifted together for shelter, ringworms, started a dispute about the rightful owner of the Canadian heavyweight crown. One young fellow disputed the claims of Lary Gains and gave his version as follows.

Jack Reddick knocked out Soldier Jones for the lightheavyweight crown some three years ago. Then the same two battled for the Canadian heavyweight crown and again the Soldier bit the dust. Reddick with two titles under his belt migrated west, and during a barnstorming trip, lost a battle in six rounds to Bob Fox, a long geared gent from Drumheller, Alta. Fox came east to Toronto and was knocked out by Lou Scozza. Scozza was outpointed by Mike McTigue later. John Reddick then came east again and was sent to Halifax, where Roy Mitchell hung a dandy on John's whiskers, and earned the heavyweight claim.

Mike McTigue again butts in on the perplexing problem, and trails to Halifax, where he battered out a victory over Mitchell and he too earned the heavyweight honors, making him the dual champion. The Canadian Boxing Federation nominated Larry Gains, the Toronto negro, as champion, and our friend wants to know who he won it from.

MARITIME PROVINCES

By Louis J. Donovan

JACK MCKENNA, the heavy hitting middleweight of Sydney, knocked out Johnny McIntyre of Portland, Maine, in four rounds. It might have been a fair knockout but it is not a fair way to match boys, a junior welter against a middleweight.

Nedder Healey, manager of Joe Harnett, claimant of the welter champ of Canada expects to take his boy to Montreal for some bouts. Harnett not only claims the welter championship but stands ready at any time to defend it.

The game in St. John is pretty near its peak, once more, but if the local commission will grant sanction to all comers to stage shows, it will drop back to the bottom of the ladder as the present promoter has had hard sledding of late to please the public.

Jerry White formerly of Bayonne, N. J., now of Halifax, has been in and around Boston meeting with success in his bouts.

Arthur Walker is now in Chicago doing good work, as is Willie Kid Ferguson, the globe trotter of Halifax.

If you see anything you like especially in this issue, write us. If you see anything you don't like especially, write us.

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Tommy White—Middle and Welterweight Champion of Mexico.
Joe Hall—Lightweight (Col.).
Tommy Jones—Lightweight.
Gonzalo Rubio—Bantamweight.

From Middle West and The West

TRI STATE NEWS
By JESS RISNER

Kansas City, Kans.—Hoots Burger and Tiny Jim Herman, heavyweights, drew an indefinite suspension from Commissioner Leslie Edmunds, for putting on a comedy act here. In the first stanza Burger made several visits to the canvas, none too graceful, from blows delivered from Herman, that apparently carried no dynamite, and would not topple a flyweight. Herman took the cue in the second round and did worse than Burger, and took the knockout count from a blow that is said to have struck his shoulder lightly, others said it whizzed by. Walter Bates called it a no contest. In the ten round semi-final, Speedy Sparks shaded Leo Wax, Australian middleweight.

Sedalia, Mo.—In a ten round staged by the State Fair Ass'n, Paul Steadman knocked out Johnny Fox in three rounds. Jimmie Deering and Tommy Irvine went 10 rounds to a draw.

Picher, Okla.—Frankie Lloyd took a close ten round decision from Bat Stewart. Henry Nenniger stopped Pete Courtright in seven heats. Tip Welch dropped an eight round decision to Oll Bray.

Kansas City, Mo.—Tony Canzoneri easily beat Joe Rivers in 10 rounds. Blas Rodriguez shaded Denver Kid in ten rounds. Battling Clemens outpointed Steve Ketchell in ten rounds. Sammy Anch won decision from Billy Wells in four rounds.

Sedalia, Mo.—Big Bill Hartwell won a ten round decision over Bradford Simmons of Drumright, Okla. Both are colored heavyweights. It was a real battle from start to finish.

Leavenworth, Kans.—Irish Del Kennedy, Ft. Leavenworth soldier, knocked out Curley Bentley of Omaha in the fifth round of a scheduled ten round main event. Kennedy is the best middleweight among the soldier battlers stationed at the Fort.

Springfield, Mo.—Commissioner Ben Harrison of the Missouri Athletic Commission dealt out a severe one to Joe Rivers for his failure to make weight for Tony Canzoneri. He gave Rivers a six months' suspension and made him forfeit $250 of the $500 he had posted. Rivers' manager drew a sixty day suspension.

Kansas City, Kans.—Spider Kelly took the edge over Jack Hurley in ten fast rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Young Stribling knocked out Ed K. O. Smith of Picher, Okla., in the third round.

Sedalia, Mo.—Eddie Dwyer Hutchinson, welter, won a technical knockout over Bobbie Briges in the ninth round.

Monett, Mo.—Billy Fisher whanged his way to a victory in ten rounds over Sailor Murphy of Paris, Texas.

Pittsburg, Kans.—Joe Kopfer won a ten round decision over Jimmie Deering. It was Kopfer's fight by a good margin. Deering was down three times. Steve Ketchell and Frankie Lloyd fought a fast hard ten round battle with Frankie gaining the decision by a shade. Jimmy Hartman fought Battling Clemens ten fast rounds to a draw.

Springfield, Mo.—Joe Trabon and Spider Kelly fought ten fast rounds to a draw. Johnny Harris and Dugan Layton mixed for the second time in a ten round affair. The decision was a draw. Joe Dunn finished strong in his ten round engagement with Ted Lombardo, but Ted was handed a newspaper decision.

Osawatomie, Kans.—Fred Reese won from Buddie Roberts in ten rounds. Both are heavies. Kid York won from Joe Hendrix in an eight round semifinal.

Kansas City, Mo.—Tiny Roebuck k'oed Farmer Lodge in the second round. Arthur Malay knocked out Joe Stangel in five rounds. Leo Wax knocked out Fred Walkenback in four rounds. Dave Shade and Warner Smith pulled off an unsatisfactory fight in the final. Warner kept covering up throughout.

Joplin, Mo.—Joe Kopfer and Johnny Wagner meet for the second time in thirty days in the ten round main event at Joplin, Wagner winning the second time by a slight shade. McNally and Henry Nenniger fought eight savage rounds to a draw. Kid Ashford, as sweet a little lightweight as ever drew on a glove, stopped Billy Murphy in four heats. Ashford is a real comer.

Ft. Riley, Kans.—Hamp McNally and Ted Lombardo, highly touted Kansas City welter, fought a draw at the Fort. Battling Dozier, colored lightweight, **stopped Kid Holt in three rounds.**

Tulsa, Okla.—Duke Trammel, hard-hitting Texas welter, lost on a foul to Spider Kelly of Kansas City. Eddie Murdock had ten rounds of easy sailing in his battle with Kid Curtiss, taking the decision by a wide margin. Ollie Joyner knocked out Sid Young in two rounds.

Charley Miller, known in the ring as Young Jack O'Brien, Maine's Fighting Guide

IN IOWA RINGS
By BOB WAGNER

KENNETH HUNT, middleweight sensation in the light heavyweight ranks won his thirty-fourth fight when he knocked out Jack Clifford, St. Paul heavyweight in the fourth round of their ten round bout at Des Moines, Ia., in his thirty-four fights Hunt has won twenty-one of them by knock-outs. Local promoters have signed Hunt to meet either Joe Lohman or Chuck Wiggins at the next show here this month.

Pinkey Bige, who tips the scales at 110 pounds is hot on the trail of any of the leading flyweights. The little Omaha mite has engaged in twenty-one bouts and has registered the K. O. in fourteen of them.

Frankie Day, Des Moines heavyweight, knocked out Joe Risco who claims his home as Buffalo, N. Y., in the seventh round of their ten round bout at Des Moines, Ia. In the eight round bout Geo. Zielgler, Des Moines, and Hal Mullenhoff, a Ft. Dodge, Ia., heavyweight battled to a draw.

Dutch Kimball, Iowa bantamweight champion, has been signed to box ten rounds at Kansas City, Mo., with the Denver Kid. Kimball has been improving with every start and promoters are after his services to meet the best at his weight in this section.

Johnny Harris, Kansas City, Mo., lightweight and Jimmy Ryan, Des Moines, Ia., jr. welterweight boxed a fast eight round draw at Riverview Park, Des Moines, Ia. In a six round bout, Speedy Malloy, Ft. Dodge, Ia., welterweight beat Red Lawson, Whittier, Calif.

The Baldwin-Paterson Post of the American Legion at Des Moines, Ia., has secured the services of Bob Wagner and Joe Kelly to act as Matchmakers. Managers should address them at Crocker Cigar Store, Des Moines, Iowa.

Leo Wax, Australian welterweight beat Louie Mays, Des Moines, Ia., in ten rounds at St. Joseph, Mo. Chas. Sive, Matchmaker for the Armour Social club there has signed Teddy Gartin, Omaha, Nebr., welterweight to headline the next show.

Clyde Drury, Marshalltown, Ia., middleweight won over Warnie Smith, Oklahoma cowboy, in ten rounds at Waterloo, Ia. Promoter Maurice Cohen at Waterloo, intends to match Drury with Dave Shade at his next show.

OKLAHOMA
By Harry Bell

JIMMY OWENS gave Clausine Vincent a neat lacing at Oklahoma City, in ten rounds. Clyde Chastain, welterweight champion of the Oklahoma National Guard, knocked out Monte Pebst, Wichita Falls, in the second round of a special event. Lester Culbertson knocked out Kid Moore in the third round of the semi-windup.

At Pampas, Texas, Fred Whittington won from Walter Varner in ten rounds.

Johnny Hilliard, a recent addition to the fistic colony of Oklahoma City, turned in an impressive victory over Eddie Murdock at Seminole, Oklahoma. Hamp Brown, well known trainer and manager around these parts is singing the praise of this youngster, at that, very few of the lightweights around this part of the country beat this Eddie Murdock.

Willie Jackson, Oklahoma City lightweight, knocked out Loren Fruit in five rounds at Shawnee, Okla.

Fred Whittington won from Kansas "Kid" Easter in ten rounds at Chelsea, Okla. Fred, who tips the scales at 146 lbs. has defeated all the welterweights in the Southwest, and is now engaged in cleaning out the middleweight ranks.

After an absence of six years, boxing has returned to Tulsa, Okla. On the first card, Dave Shade won easily from Al Webster in ten rounds.

At Oklahoma City, Jimmy Bean stopped Monk Carpenter in the second round of the main event. Speedy Culbertson knocked out Jackie Ryan in the third round of the semi-windup.

At Seminole, Archie Cooper, Oklahoma City middleweight, knocked out Jack Masters in the fourth round of a scheduled ten rounder. Kid Rich knocked out Jack Barry in the third round of the semi-windup.

IN NORTHEASTERN OHIO
By F. K. SCHULLER

EMMETT ROCCO, that Ellwood City heavy that has been climbing so fast in sectional scrapping circles, looms as a national threat in heavyweight ranks through his recent annihilation of Romero Rojas. The knockout occurred in the fifth. Young Scarney put out Bumbo Meyers in the fourth, and Buddy Bollenger kayoed Joe Shurs in the first, in the preliminaries. Joe Canal of Youngstown and Rip Shirley battled to a draw.

Willie Falk, of Salem, was slammed all over the ring by Young Guydo, Struthers, in the curtain raiser, and just barely lasted the four rounds.

Frankie Genaro, ex-flyweight champion, defeated Tommy Hughes of Cleveland in one of the best fights ever seen in Akron. Tommy Crowley of Pittsburgh licked Reddie Blanchard, St. Paul, in a real slugging match. Pete Kuval, Barberton, and Johnnie Myers, Cleveland, drew.

Due to the writer's inability to consistently attend all shows in the district it is impossible for him to get first hand information concerning ring news for this column, and those promoters or managers who wish to be represented with some item or news are requested to communicate with F. K. Schuller, care of THE RING, for the articles' consideration for publication.

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FROM BUFFALO
By HUGH SHANNON

LOU SCOZZA, Buffalo's sensational schoolboy fighter, is still hot on the trail of Jimmy Slattery and hopes to get Sir James in the ring soon. Scozza beat Maxey Rosenbloom about a week before Slattery boxed Maxey in their advertised "light-heavyweight championship" which was sponsored by the National Boxing Federation.

Scozza handed Rosenbloom a lacing here and knocked Rosie down for a nine count. Lou gave the New York Hebrew lad a good boxing lesson. Slattery scored over Rosenbloom at Hartford in a ten rounder, but Scozza's win was by far the more impressive of the two.

The Crescent Sporting club of this city proposed a Slattery Scozza match for the all star bill the club intended to stage on September 9th. One of the matches wanted was a ten rounder between Slattery and Scozza and Jimmy was offered $5,000 to fight Lou. Manager Red Carr, for Slattery, refused to accept the offer, claiming he had many matches in the making but to date Slattery hasn't fought since, despite all this talk of a busy season.

Pete Latzo, former welterweight champion of the world, will box Frankie Schoell, Buffalo's great welterweight, here on October 28th. Schoell has beaten Latzo three times and expects to hand Peter a pasting. If Frankie licks Latzo this time he will go after a title match with Joe Dundee.

Benny Ross k. o.'d Tommy Robson, the old timer from Boston, in five rounds for the Q. A. C. on September 19th. Robson is nothing but a shell of his old self and should quit boxing.

The boxing game always prospers here in the fall and winter. The Broadway auditorium is a splendid building for boxing. This big amphitheater will seat 10,000 and most any kind of a fight can be staged here.

Buffalo fans were betting on Tunney to beat Jack Dempsey. This was a great Dempsey town when Jack was himself but time has taken the kick out of the old "killer" punch and slowed up the one-time tiger of the ring. Dempsey was a great champion; perhaps the best puncher the game ever knew. But today Tunney can beat him every time they step in the ring.

Gene Tunney, in the writer's opinion, is a far better fighter than many experts figure.

FROM CENTRAL NEW YORK
By HOWARD C. HOSMER

Mark Buckland, former head of the Syracuse Arena A. C., which club has staged some classy boxing shows under the management of W. Billy Ames in the past year, recently took over the reigns of the Salt City fight clubs for a second time when Ames announced his retirement from the position. Joe Netro, who used to match the boys up in Syracuse two years ago, is on the booking end of the new staff.

One of Ames' final shows brought Billy Leonard and Jackie Brady, two good boys from Syracuse, together over the ten-round route. Brady is a lightweight while Leonard fights at 147 pounds. The two had an old feud to settle and went at it hammer and tongs. The lighter boy won after a fairly decent fight.

Bucky Lawless, Auburn welterweight, who fights frequently and wins often at Erie, Pa., and other points, is angling for a tussel with Billy Leonard, Syracuse's leading welterweight. Lawless has been on Bill's trail for several months now and may yet land a battle with the clever Saline City battler.

Joe Stone, another Auburn welterweight and junior welterweight boxer, who fights a keen battle from his portside, is doing quite well in rings in this vicinity and in Northern Pennsylvania. Stone is one of the few boys around who can box some and also hit. He packs a jolting punch in either mitt and lands often.

Billy Ames' final show for Syracuse fans brought together two old rivals for the 'steenth time. Cavemen Fisher of Syracuse lost to Johnny Haystack of Binghampton on a foul in their ten-round mill. Haystack was an eleventh hour substitution for Bobby Williams, promising young Marcellus middleweight, who was billed to fight the ancient Caveman.

Central New York has a real comer in Steve Haliko, young amateur featherweight who has fought over half a hundred battles with some of the best boys in his class in this section. Haliko has lost no fights during his two year career and has fought but two draws. His work is keenly watched by Central New York fight fans who think he has the makings of a champ. He is under the tutelage of Ray Kahl, a star lightweight of a very few years ago who knows the game from the bottom up.

Tommy Freeman, topnotch welterweight contender, and Sailor Darden, tough negro puncher, are signed up to fight the main go at the Syracuse Arena's next card, which will go on soon. Bucky Lawless and Joe Saviela of Buffalo, two milling welterweights, will form the belting combination in the semi-final bout.

FROM UTICA
By JOSEPH TEDESCO

Bushy Graham has resumed his training activities. He is in the best of shape and is willing to meet anyone in the world at 118 pounds. Bushy is anxious to get reinstated by the New York State Boxing Board.

Leone Labriola, Utica's strong and young heavyweight, who showed much skill as a boxer and fighter while training with Jack Dempsey at the latter's training camp at Saratoga, is ready to take on any heavyweight in the division. He came to ths country one year ago and has had ten bouts and won each.

Pal Graham, a brother of Bushy, is eager to meet any flyweight or bantam in the world.

Sammy Marco, Jewish lad, boxed Sailor Pacillio on September 16th and won the decision.

Johnny Kid Blair and Sammy Marko, welterweights, are in fighting trim.

Frankie Kearns, one of Utica's middleweights, will soon be ready for a winter campaign.

Tony Storace, strong young welterweight, is going like a house afire.

K. O. Sweeney is one of the most popular featherweights Utica ever produced.

Clarence Griffen is one of the most colorful two-fisted featherweights in this section of the country.

Joseph Tedesco, Utica's noted manager, has been getting plenty of work for his stable of boxers.

ALBANY AND VICINITY
By Herman Bray

PATSY JOHNSON, Syracuse-Trenton bantam crack, is making his home in Albany. Johnson kayo'd Rey Taylor of Jersey City in three heats at Troy recently. Patsy has boxed four or five champions, including Pete Herman, Joe Lynch, Johnny Buff and others.

Pete Petrolle, Schenectady lightweight star, boxed Zack Blanchard of New Orleans at Reading, Pa. in the feature bout and won every round and the decision. Petrolle took down victories over Marty Silvers, Joe Lamanna, Johnny Sacco and Zack Blanchard, besides boxing Joe Trippe and Solly Seeman draws in recent starts.

Larry Maranucci, Troy budding welterweight, always could fight, but seemingly, never took the boxing game seriously. Maranucci, they tell us, has turned over a new leaf, and is in hard training for some engagements being lined up. Larry should be heard from shortly.

Andy De Vodi, flashy New York welter, made a big hit when he stopped Red Herring in four rounds at Troy recently. Herring was simply outclassed by the fast-stepping Metropolitan star. On the same bill, Dorey Shimar of Williamsport, substituting on a moment's notice Canastota Bob of Syracuse, gave Mickey Cangro a merry time of it, before Cangro grabbed the verdict. At that, the customers booed the award freely.

Jimmie Betts, Albany manager, reports that his ace, Billy Leonard, the Syracuse welter, is again ready and raring to go. Leonard hurt his right hand on Jackie Brady in Syracuse early in September. The injury by the way, cost Leonard some lucrative bouts. Leonard may step into the Garden soon against Jack McVey. Jess McMahon is keen for this match. Leonard by the way, is one lad who doesn't draw the color line. He's boxed McVey, Jack Oakes, Frisco McGale, Harry Dudley, Sailor Darden, Kayo Tampa, besides others.

Pinky Burns is gone. Pleasant mannered chap and a credit to the boxing game. Phil Halperin of New London, Conn., who boxed under the name of Pinky Burns, died at New London, September 29th. Burns boxed out of Syracuse for a time, where two of his brothers reside and was a general favorite. Some of his Syracuse bouts were with Bucky Lawless, Billy Leonard, Joe Trippe, Dory Shimar and Tony Storace. "Pinky" will be missed.

Tommy Freeman, the Hot Springs Terror, now boxing out of Erie, Pa., took the measure of Sailor Darden, the veteran colored welter at the Arena, Syracuse, September 30th in five rounds. Freeman was a sensation with his remarkable performance. He looked in action like the coming champion. Bucky Lawless defeated Joe Savolio of Buffalo in six rounds on same bill, while Joe Gainor, sensational Vocational High School middleweight of Syracuse kayo'd Red Beal of Utica in the third of a scheduled six.

Joe Netro is now making the matches at the Arena, Syracuse, succeeding Billy Ames. Ames is now located in Syracuse, managing a stable of boxers, among whom will be Frank Moody, the British middleweight.

Alex (Kid) Gibbons, colored middleweight, boxing out of Albany is a good rough, tough scrapper, who is winning every start. Gibbons gets in and slugs and is a good card around the upper section of the state.

The Knickerbocker A. C. which has promoted boxing in Albany for more than twenty years will reopen about November 15th in a new clubhouse, now under process of construction. The old clubhouse was too small, hence the new place. As in former years, Dan E. McMahon, Albany sportsman will make the matches, assisted by Ollie Stacey, President and Treasurer of the club.

IN SAN ANTONIO
By JACK TAYLOR

Following are the fights of San Antonio for September:

Johnny McCoy beat Marcial Zavala in 10 rounds. Brooks Hooper beat Don Coll in 8 rounds.

Sandi Esquivel stopped Ray Macias in 5 rounds. Mickey Young won on a technical k. o. from David Velasco in the tenth round. Benny "Kid" Roy beat Kid George in six rounds. Red Foster and White Wolf drew in four rounds. Terry Young stopped Kid Flores in three rounds.

Sandi Esquivel defeated Charlie Cobb in 10 rounds. Julio Lopez knocked out Danny Palmer in two rounds. Johnny Malavanous knocked out Salvador Herrera in 4 rounds. Battling Herrera stopped George Hartley in 1 round and Barney Youngblood in two rounds. Eddie Lopez knocked out Battling Nicholson in 1 round.

Brooks Hooper won from Don Coll in 10 rounds. Renato Torres beat Frankie McFarland in 8 rounds. Kid Tatro knocked out Young Creasy in one round. Gob Mullen knocked out Paul Pilgreen in 2 rounds. Jack Wiel beat Battling Herrera in 4 rounds.

Gathered in South Jersey

By HARRY DOLLFUS

LEW GREENBERG, Sporting Editor of the Atlantic City Press, who promoted the Benefit Milk and Ice Fund Show, put the card over with a tremendous success. The attendance ran into many thousands. The star bout brought together Harry Blitman of Philadelphia, and Tommy Liberto of Harrisburg. Blitman won after eight hard fought rounds. The other bouts, Eddie Reed of New York knocked out Kid Chapman in three rounds, Al Trainer won over Gene Moretti, eight rounds.

Sammy Moffo of Trenton gave Joey Hatfield a boxing lesson at the opening show of Jimmy Toppie, New Broadway Club at Philadelphia, ten rounds.

Joey Reynolds, world's playground welterweight, easily defeated Gene Gaffner of Vineland, at Camden Ball Park, eight rounds.

Charley Cunningham, Clementon's hard-hitting flyweight, fought an eight round whirlwind fight, which ended in a draw with Young Chappie of Philadelphia, at Atlantic City. Both boys made a big hit with the shore fans.

Buck Fleming, Jersey's featherweight contender, traveled to Wilmington, where he made short work of K. O. Joe Dougherty, by putting over his knock out punch in two rounds.

Harry Kid Brown has returned from the Coast. He defeated Eddie Reed at Atlantic City. In the semi-final, Willie Patterson outpunched Johnny De Marco. Both were eight rounders.

Roxie Allen, Camden's flashy lightweight, outpointed Emory Cabona in eight fast heats at Camden's Ball Park.

Scotty McDonald, the fighting Scotchman, has been in Scotland for the past two months, visiting his family.

Eddie Chaney, Whitman Park's knock out artist, handed a big surprise to the local fans when he defeated Camden's pride, Micky Blair, in the star bout at the opening of the winter season at Convention Hall.

Joey Reynolds, the world's playground welterweight contender, easily outpointed Gene Gaffner, of Vineland, at Camden.

The boxing game is taking big strides all through South Jersey. A big season looms ahead. Many new clubs have opened their doors for the winter season. In Salem, Vineland, Bridgeton, Pennsgrove, Millville, Rainbow Lake, Paulsboro, Beverley, and Mt. Holly, interest is keen.

Bobby Michaels, the best looking lightweight around these parts, made a big hit with the Wilmington fans when he fought an eight round sensational draw with Al Trainer of Atlantic City.

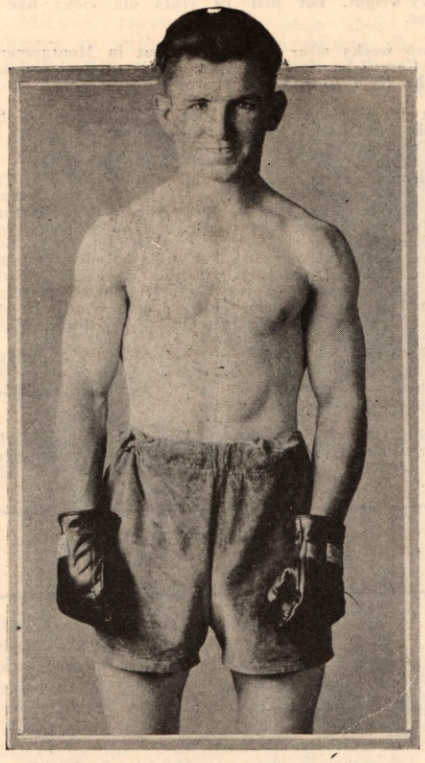
Hughey McLoon, local manager from around these parts, has a great prospect in Ralph Smith, new sensational heavyweight from the coast. Smith is on the trail of George Godfrey, Jim Maloney, and Jack Sharkey.

Bobby Brown, Atlantic City colored light heavyweight, hung the old sleep producer on the well known Alex Bader in one round at Norristown.

Jackie Hindle, Camden's fighting chauffeur, who has been on the sidelines for the past summer, is now in training. He is getting himself in great shape for the coming winter season, and will make it hot for many of the lightweights around the East.

Al Rowe, the best looking bantamweight around the east, just knocked out Joe Balus in three rounds at Atlantic City. Two days later Rowe put Andy Martell in four rounds at Norristown.

Cliff Bent, former featherweight, is now a manager of boxers. He has under his management now, Joe Stanly, featherweight, Artie McCann, lightweight, Al Rowe, bantamweight, Syd Fellowes, featherweight, Joe Lekish, bantamweight, and Young Kid Howard, colored lightweight. All boxers willing to make this trip should write in care of the writer, 1314 N. Hutchinson St., Philadelphia, Penn.



Jimmy Reed, Staten Island bantam

Kid Chapman, colored featherweight, was again sent to the land of nod when Frankie Nelson put him away in four rounds at Wilmington.

Jack Lakin, who formerly promoted boxing shows at Camden, is now promoting in Greensboro, N. C., where he has a large arena.

Johnny Okey, rugged middleweight of Trenton, won over Vincent Forgione in eight hard-fought rounds at Camden.

Joe Wenke, Atlantic City promoter, who has placed the seashore boxing club on paying basis, is now out after a new club.

Jack Valentine has now under his management Buddy Burk, hard punching middleweight of Chester. Burk looks like the making of another Mickey Walker. He can punch some.

Freddy Washington, welterweight, is making his home in Camden. He knocked out Jimmy More in five rounds at Vineland.

Jimmy Burns, Atlantic City featherweight, beat Tommy Liberto of Harrisburg in ten rounds at Harrisburg, and a few days later at Wilmington, Jimmy outpointed Liberto in six fast rounds.

Pete Post is staging boxing shows again at Bridgeton.

Joe Lill, the U. S. Marine Corps heavyweight representative, has been creating a furore in the heavyweight ranks since his return to the U. S. from Nicaragua six weeks ago. In the past month Lill has performed thusly: Knocked out "Soldier" Joe Green, a 215-pound entry from Fort du Pont, at Elsmere, Del., in two rounds.

A week later he toppled Len Herring, of Philadelphia, for the full count before the same club. Jack Martin was the next victim of this fighting Leatherneck and Jack took his medicine when he stuck through eight rounds with Lill, at the Cambria, in Philly. Three nights later, Lill defeated Bill Matthews, of Baltimore, in eight rounds at Elam, Pa.

Ray Lawler, another slugging Marine light heavyweight, made a hit with the fans when he defeated Bobby Evans, of Conshohocken, at the Cambria. Lawler is sparring daily with Tommy Loughran, Philly Adonis who hopes to uncrown World's Champion Mike McTigue.

Vincent "Pepper" McNeil, 155, the lightest of the Marine trio, is scheduled to meet Mickey Martell at the New Broadway A. C. McNeil is a pleasing, two-handed fighter, who will give any middleweight plenty of trouble.

Freddie Tooley, the Camden Lightweight, who is now living in Atlantic City, acting as gymnasium instructor at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, scored two knockouts in one week, putting Jimmy Doyle, of Philadelphia, out of the way in one round at Elam, Pa., on September 21st, and putting the quietus on Ray Bogash in the second round at Camden's Convention Hall on September 23rd.

IN HUDSON COUNTY, NEW JERSEY

By CHARLEY KRUGER

Jack Jennings put on a Hudson County night on Sept. 21, and used only local boys, pairing them off in five eight rounds.

Petie Mack and Mickey Walters, veteran featherweights and old rivals, had it out again recently with Mack having a swell margin in 10 rounds.

Ralph Lenny and Herbie Phillips ovened the indoor season at the Hudson Theatre. Lenny has been winning all his bouts and looks to be a comer.

Harold Mays, Bayonne heavyweight, looks better in every fight. Mays recently beat the sensational southerner Ben Touchstone, in Madison Square Garden.

George Courtney, Oklahoma cowboy, stopped over in Hudson County long enough to administer a "kayo" to Harry Martone in the fourth round. Martone was outweighed 10 pounds.

Herman Heller, Jersey City heavyweight, who recently upset the dope by whaling James J. Braddock, is howling for action. A return match with Eddie Benson would be a fine attraction.

TRENTON FLASHES
By SOX PINTO

Johnny Oakey of Trenton and Pat Haley of Philadelphia opened the indoor show for promoter Cliff Smith, and what a slugging bee it was! These boys stood toe to toe the entire ten rounds and slammed each other around. The only decision that could be given was a draw. Both of these boys are middleweights.

Joe Reno of Trenton lost a hair line decision to My Sullivan of St. Paul at Chicago. Fats Pinto accompanied Reno on the trip.

Johnny Brennan of Trenton beat Presto Grande of New York in the feature bout of ten rounds at Long Branch.

Tommy (Kid) Murphy of Trenton lost the decision to Young Manuel of Tampa at Miami, Florida.

Johnny Brennan was forced to cancel two bouts because of blood poisoning in his right hand. Brennan was to have fought Eddie O'Dowd at Long Branch and Benny Schwartz at Baltimore.

Chick Emmons and Willie Russell put on a peach of a bout in the main go of eight rounds in Burlington, Emmons winning by a hurricane finish in the last two rounds. Emmons dropped Russell in the seventh, at the count of five the bell rang saving Russell from K. O.

Johnny Oakey of Trenton turned the dope bucket upside down by scoring a decision over Vince Forgoine of Philadelphia, at the Public Service ball park in Camden.

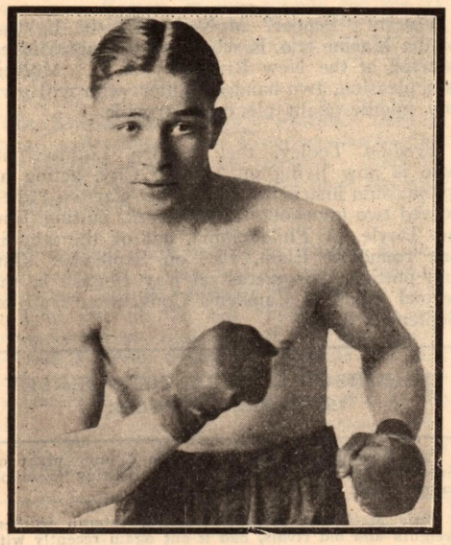
Young Terry of Trenton, K. O.'d Johnny Fisher in the second round of a scheduled eight, at Long Branch. This marks twelve consecutive wins for Terry.

Plow Boy Clark of Yardley made a successful comeback by disposing of Sailor Corbett, in the third round via the K. O. route. Johnny Sands, trainer of Clark, is out after bigger game.

Jimmy Hickey, who done some fighting a few years back, has broke out as a manager. He has Jimmy Donlon, a middleweight who hails from White City, and Charley Krammer, lightweight of Wilbur.

Joe Sharkey of Trenton flattened Billy Finch in five heats at Long Branch. Promoter Cliff Smith is trying to secure Willie Beetle for Sharkey.

Harry Weil, who claims to be the youngest and only college boy fight manager in the game, blew in Trenton and is looking for bouts for his lightweight Ray Gibbons who hails from Reading, Pa.



Vic Burrone, Greenwich Village star, who is hot on trail of bantam stars.

FROM ALABAMA
By SAM P. CARPRI

BOXING has been legalized for about two months now, and the game is going good. Birmingham, the largest city in the state, puts on shows twice a month. Mobile, second largest city in the state, is the best fight town. Montgomery, Tuscaloosa and Foley hold shows at the rate of two a month.

Birmingham stages good fights. Frankie Garcia, Pal Moore, Martin Burke, Joe Lohman and others have shown here.

At Mobile many fights were staged last month. Here are the results: Joe Lewis, New Orleans, won over Boots Antley, of Columbus; Chester Bush, of New Orleans, beat Johnny Flynn, of Chattanooga; "Cowboy" Frank Osner, of Tulsa, Okla., beat Joe Lewis; Grover Mallini, of Kilm, Miss., beat Spike Webb, of Augusta. All went 10 rounds.

At Foley: Kid Kennedy of Mobile, won on a foul in the fourth round; Ebon Lee, Mobile, drew with Script D'Olive, Mobile, 10 rounds.

At Tuscaloosa: Bogie Saab, Birmingham, beat Young Corbett, Chattanooga, 10 rounds.

At Montgomery: "Cowboy" Frankie Osner of Tulsa, beat "Chick" Miller, of Chicago, in 10 rounds; Red Wilson beat Kid Andrea in 8 rounds, and Claude Wilson beat Bub Seymour by a knockout in the seventh round.

At Birmingham: Claude Wilson beat Frankie Garcia in 10 rounds; Peter Sarron beat Leroy Dugan in 10 rounds; Peter Sarron beat Pal Moore in 10 rounds; Johnny Flynn beat Bogie Saab in 10 rounds; Battling Kelly beat Sailor Dixon in 10 rounds.

AT Mobile, Ala.—Grover Mallini, of Kilm, Mississippi, won from Spike Webb, of Augusta, Ga., in ten rounds.

In Mobile a fight card headed by Joe Lewis of New Orleans vs. Henry Jungle, of Mobile Juniorwelters, was won by the fast coming two-fisted Lewis.

In Birmingham in the Legion fight card, held at the Fair Park Stadium, Martin Burke, of New Orleans won over Joe Lohman, of Toledo, Ohio.

In Montgomery Jeff Carroll, of Biloxi, Miss., beat Joe White, the Tuscaloosa terror in the ten rounds main bout of the American Legion Card. Carroll, a heavy-weight, but just 19 years old looks like a comer.

Two weeks after the White bout in Montgomery, Jeff Carroll knocked out Ernie Perrin of New Orleans in the third round.

At Birmingham Johnny PEE WEE Kaiser, of St. Louis, beat Claude Wilson, the best local feather, in ten rounds.

Birmingham at present is full of nose denters. The best boys are Claude Wilson, Peter Sarron, Sammy Sid Terris, Bud Harris, Red Alford, Yg. Battling Kelly, the above are stars in the Bantam and feather weight class. Johnny McGinty, Lefty Sullivan, Sailor Barrington, Battling Kelly, Battling Bozo, Mike Romano and Young Dempsey are the best stars in the Welter and Middle-weight class. Last but not least, the writer has a comer in the Amateur class, in Little Joe. A 105-lbs. Panco Villa.

The writer for the last few years has been teaching boxing, and at present is Athletic Instructor at the Ensley A. C., and teaching boxing at the Ensley Community House and Club.

At Selma, Bud Harris of Birmingham gained the paper decision in a ten round main bout of the American Legion, with Bennie Reagan, of Columbus, Ga.

IN CONNECTICUT
By R. L. T.

LOUIS "KID" KAPLAN, Meriden "buzz-saw," surprised even his most ardent admirers by knocking out Clicky Clarke, Holyoke, Mass., in five rounds at the New Haven Arena. Clarke holds two decisions over Phil McGraw and was expected to take the Kid into camp. In his last three fights, the Kid has been the winner over Jackie Fields, Bruce Flowers, and Clarke. Sid Terris wants nothing to do with the little Hebrew, nor will Phil McGraw answer the call to arms.

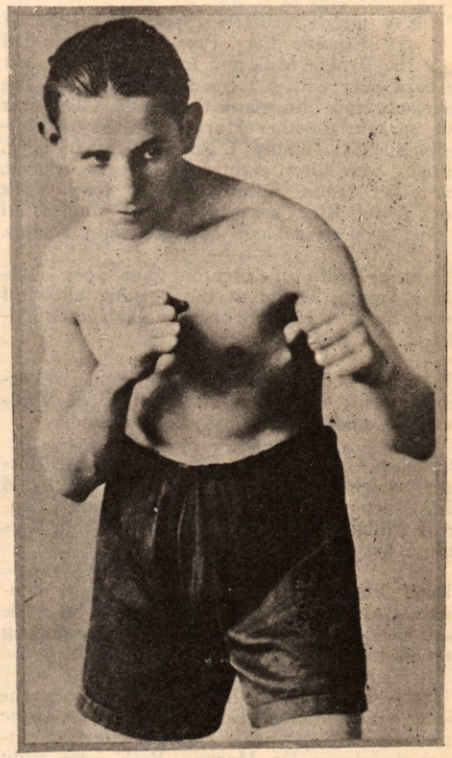
Nonda Tassi, latest European importation, made faces at Prince Tooma of Springfield, Mass. And the prince dove all the way back to Springfield without being hit.

The much talked of return engagement between Collie Pleines and Georgie Day ended in a technical K. O. of Pleines in the fourth. Pleines won the decision before and George was out for revenge. He got it—and then some.

The Arena A. C. of New Haven has appointed Tony Paollilo as matchmaker and general supervisor. The fans are now assured of splendid shows at popular prices.

Lew Anger and his boys are still putting on fine cards in Bridgeport. Jimmy Bones has recently returned from a good campaign in Cleveland. Steve Smith beat Georgie Balduc in Portland, Me.

Johnny Scalzi is improving with every fight. With Scalzi, Bones, Battalino, and Smith, Connecticut has a fine array of men in the midget classes.



Irish Mickey Gill, Dublin, Ireland's entry for flyweight championship.

IN GALVESTON

THE following are the results of a boxing card held under the auspices of the Ocean Athletic Club at the Galveston City Auditorium recently:

Willie Henry knocked out El Paso "Schoolboy" in 5 rounds.

Leatherhead Duncan knocked out Young Chester Cheatham in 3 rounds.

Lou Podraza knocked out Eddie Schaeffer in one round.

Eddie Ramies knocked out Joe Rodriguez in one round.

Flashlite Bee won the decision over Kid Porter in six rounds.

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News From Pennsylvania

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

BENNY BASS, after gaining the featherweight championship, lost no time in making his stage debut. Phil Glassman's 126 pounder, who gained the 10 round decision over Red Chapman of Boston in the Municipal Stadium, has been flooded with ring offers during the coming indoor season.

This promises to be a hectic indoor campaign for Matt Adgie, the West Philadelphia iceman, who started off by meeting King Solomon, at the reopening of the Arena, Oct. 3. Adgie was given the ten round decision over Battling Levinsky at the Phils Ball Park, but there were many in the crowd who thought the "Battler" had the edge.

Buck Boyle, the Allentown lad, made a big hit in his recent Phillie bout against Joey Hadfield. It was a rip-tearing fight and the two featherweights are likely to be rematched this fall.

Marty Bell, who formerly boxed under the name of Marty Burns, has issued a challenge to all 128-130 pounders. He is being handled by Eddie King.

That Lew Tendler is still able to punch with the best of them was demonstrated in his recent bout with Sailor Darden, the New York colored welterweight. Lew hit the Sailor hard and often enough to flatten an ordinary fighter but, the latter always came back for more.

Johnny Burns, the Kensington fight promoter, who delights in wearing the "Iron Hat," got away to a flying start when he reopened his Cambria Club a few weeks ago. The fight fans in the northeastern section of the city were hanging on the rafters.

Al Winkler, featherweight, has a big campaign in sight. He recently beat Mickey Diamond in the eight round windup at West Manayunk Carnival Park.

There is talk of Johnny Jadick, the Kensington featherweight, getting together with Tony Canzoneri. The Philadelphia youth has accepted terms for a bout.

Al Nash, who conducted shows downtown during the summer, has taken over the Armory on North Broad street at Susquehanna, and will branch out as a "big time" promoter. He plans Wednesday night show throughout the indoor season.

Johnny Harko has arrived from his home in Manchester, N. H., and will make his headquarters in the Quaker City. He made his debut here by meeting Bricky Ryan of Pittsburgh at the Cambria Club.

Al Little, who as an amateur met some of the cleverest little fellows in Phillie, has turned to the pro ranks and is making good.

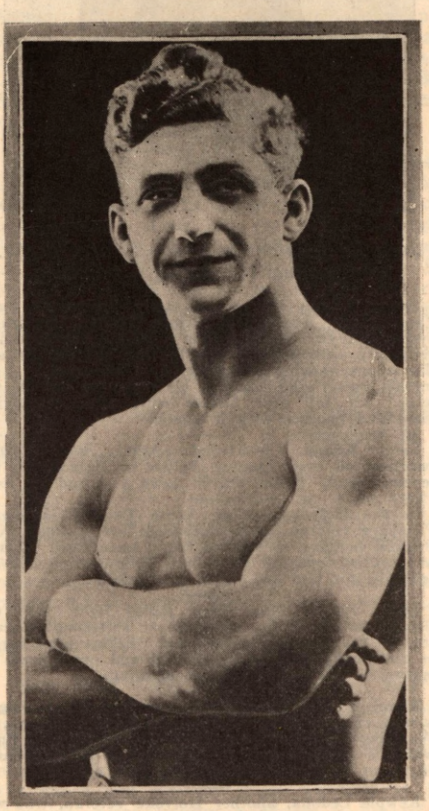
Leon Rains, the new promoter and manager of the Arena, was given a big hand at the reopening of the club, Oct. 3. Only a few days ago a prominent Brooklyn promoter made Rains an offer to sell out at a clear profit of more than $13,000, but the latter is anxious to show the Phillie fight fans just what he can do.

Pete Moran, one of the best known matchmakers in Philadelphia, has been arranging some of the bouts at Chester and Leiperville during his spare moments. During the past summer Moran was associated with Jules Aronson in promoting the outdoor shows at the Phillies Ball Park.

Manager Joe Smith, who looks after Tommy Loughran, has a number of attractive offers. They came in before Loughran met Mike McTigue for the world's light heavyweight title in New York. Tommy is likely to show in Boston and the West this fall.

FROM WILKES-BARRE
By HUGH A. CARR

Mickey Doyle of Pittston lost a big chance to gain recognition among the featherweights when he was forced to cancel his bout with Emory Cabanna, the semi-final to the Bass-Chapman affair at Philadelphia. Doyle was ill.



Teddy Sandwina, German-American light heavyweight who expects to visit America. recently was knocked out in London.

The Dunn-Britton fight at Scranton recently has created quite a discussion as to who is the better boy and as the bout ended on a foul, another match is in order.

Pete Zybic of East End has resumed training in preparation for the indoor season. Zybic, who is a student at the local high school, was forced to give up the game last year to devote all his time to his studies.

Gene Baldoni, Hilldale lightweight, is anxious to secure another match with Matty Kraft. Kraft and Baldoni have met five times and with the exception of a one round kayo for Kraft, the other bouts have been close affairs.

Irish Minty Rose, flyweight, who recently fought Tommy Britton at Carbondale, has located in New York.

Local fans are anxious to see Young Haverlack of Newport in action. Haverlack's last bout with Johnny Dunn showed him to be a good bantam.

Fans here are still clamoring for another match between Pete Latzo and Joey Gans. They staged a hectic battle at the ballpark last month.

Billy Kelly, Scranton flyweight, was eliminated in the flyweight tourney recently in the St. Nicholas Rink in New York City. Kelly lost a thrilling ten round battle to Corporal "Izzy" Schwartz.

Two fight judges of this vicinity received an unusual honor when they were selected to officiate at the Bass and Chapman championship bout in the person of Larry Kendig of Plymouth and Tom Walsh of Scranton. Both are rated as two of the most competent officials in these parts.

Tommy O'Toole of Plymouth is now located at Portland, Maine, and his work in the past few months has the New England fans all worked up.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By Jules D. Beck

McKEESPORT ushered in its season of indoor boxing on September 15, featuring Young Rudy, Harry Taylor and Linn Jordin and Roy Shaffer in two ten round bouts. Rudy scored a quick victory, knocking out Taylor in the first round, while Shaffer and Jordin drew.

Motor Square Garden in Pittsburgh is maging preparations for a banner season under the new management of John Hernon, acting as general manager while Johnny Ray steps in as matchmaker succeeding Johnny McGarvey who resigned his post.

Teddy Welsh is about the busiest boxer around here. Teddy's services are always in demand, of course, there is a reason. He is a crowd pleaser always giving the fans action. He fights at 138.

James (Red) Mason, Pittsburgh's manager of boxers has quite a string of leather pushers. His list includes Cuddy DeMarco, welter, Tug Phillips, junior welter, Young Rudy, lightweight, Kid Carpenter, feather and Roy Shaffer, middle. Quite an array of fistic talents.

Jim Buchanan has his star flyweight, Willie Davies, on the coast participating in the flyweight tournament to determine a worthy successor to La Barba's crown, who had retired to enter school.

This looks like a busy season for boxing throughout here. Pittsburgh will probably have three clubs running shows with regularity, Motor Square, Duquesne Garden, and South Side Market House.

Emmet Rocco, Elwood City lad, looks like a coming heavy that some of the leading heavies will have to contend with. He looks very promising and proved it by stopping Romero Rojas and Sailor Maxted in short order.

Johnny Mellow, Detroit lightweight, gets a good portion of his work throughout this section. Mellow is a pleasing performer, and his manager, Bert Connors, is easy to deal with.

Gleaned from New England

By COLMAN J. NEE

THE boxing fans in this section are being offered "bargains" after all these years of "kicking in" from one to five "berries" to witness a few rounds between boxers of "rep" who came to town to "collect" and protect their "rep" and nothing more. Now all this is "passe" and Bostonians are being offered fifty rounds of boxing between boys who will step their "prettiest" for a scale of prices ranging from fifty cents to two dollars. And the old S. R. O. sign is being displayed outside the "emporiums of swat" after many lean months of anxious waiting on the part of Beantown boxing impresarios.

The Argonne A. A., with Eddie Mack at the helm, started the "cut price" racket and he was followed by Tom Goodwin of the Suffolk A. A. Now Bob McKirdy of the Commercial A. C., and George Freeman, of the Arena A. C., have tossed their "chapeau" into the ring and the fans are sure sitting pretty. The local boxers who were complaining about their inability to secure bouts are now booked ahead and as a result the Boston gymns are doing very well.

Jimmy Sacco, Boston's own "Battling Jim," defeated Sid Barbarian, who fully lived up to his name here the past month in as hard fought and gruelling a bout as Boston fans have witnessed in many moons. Neither boy would let up a minute and the veteran Jack Sheehan, who was the third man in the ring, just folded his arms and looked on, never once during the ten rounds they fought were his services required to break either boxer. Barbarian was given an ovation for his grit and gameness when he left the ring. The boys have been matched again for a bout later in the season.

Sammy Fuller, the Pride of Boston's North End, defeated Johnny Sheppard here the past month in a fast bout that showed that Fuller is just about ready to step into the big time.

Johnny Risko, the Cleveland heavy, defeated Jack Gagnon of New Bedford here recently in a torrid battle in which Gagnon's gameness stood out. Risko knew too much for Jack and floored him three times during the ten rounds. Johnny comes back here next month to meet Jim Maloney.

George Manoleum, Dan Carroll's classy middleweight, defeated dusky Walcott Langford here in a hurricane bout, in which both boys scored knockdowns and were pretty much used up. Manoleum is coming right along all the time and Langford's a name that hearkens back to the old days, is a scrapper of no mean ability. He hails from the west, the home of good boxers.

Jim Toland's gym on Friend St., Boston, is the mecca of boxers training for contests and business men who seek relaxation in physical exercise. Jim has one of the finest plants of its kind in the East and it is well worth a visit just to step in and look the facilities over.

Johnny Scully, South Boston's fighting Irishman, who, win, lose or draw, always makes a hit with his aggressiveness, is being kept busy by his manager, Freddie Wiederhold, who has a string of boxers under his wing.

Al Mello, Lowell's welterweight star, swings into action this month against Billy Drake, the German boy, who has been in there with Joe Dundee and other stars; after this bout Mello, with his mentor, Bobby Goldman, will trek to the coast in search of opposition.

Marty Fitzpatrick and Billy Griffin, who conduct an up-to-date gym in South Boston, have been granted a license to conduct amateur boxing shows in their quarters and starting next month the lovers of amateur boxing will have an opportunity to witness the boys who are the "pros" of tomorrow do their stuff. As Southy is a hotbed of sport, Billy and Marty should do well.

The Massachusetts Boxing Commission refused to sanction a bout between a "local star" and a boxer with very little experience here recently and the commission is to be commended for taking such a stand as it is affairs of this kind that retard boxing here and elsewhere.

IN WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS

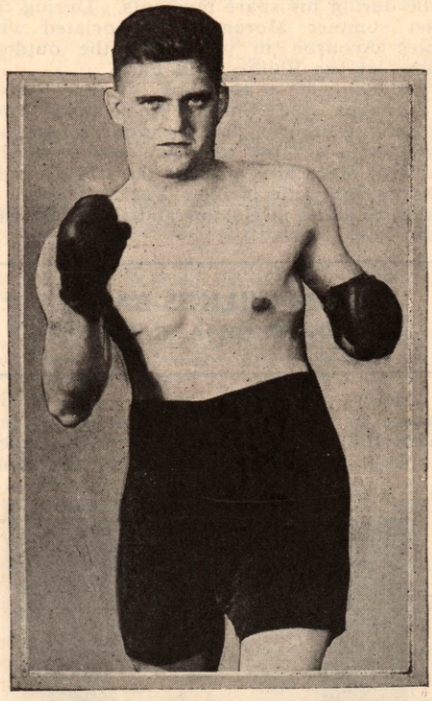
By Richard Washburn

MATCHMAKER Barry McCormick has decided to stage cards every Friday night in his West Springfield Arena, which shows that boxing must be something of a financial success in that locality.

Billy Petrolle, the Fargo Express, collided with Johnny Ceccoli, of Scranton, Pa., in the main bout at West Springfield recently and the aggressive and durable Ceccoli was stopped in the sixth round when his handlers threw in the towel after he had been floored twice.

Al Van Ryan, St. Paul welter, knocked out Joe Kelly, Brooklyn youngster, the referee stopping the bout in the eighth round. Kelly, a substitute, was easily beaten in a slow, clinching contest.

Spark Plug Russell, now of Northampton, Mass., beat Joe Scully, popular Boston featherweight in an eight round bout. Russell looked quite impressive with his hard hitting and furious rushes, while Scully made things interesting every minute.



Jack Rudey, light heavyweight of Chicago, who has met the best of his division.

Young Johnny Dwyer, formerly known as John Varstalis, of Athol, beat Prince Tooma, Springfield Syrian heavyweight, in a four rounder. Dwyer unimpressively outboxed his hard hitting but chubby and slow opponent who, as a boxer, is a fine wrestler. He curtain raiser and knocked his opponent out in the scored one fall over Dwyer with a perfect flying mare and another with a punch.

Joey Knapp, whirlwind Athol middleweight, swarmed all over Charley Pelton of Holyoke in the second round. Pelton stayed down a second too long.

In the Holyoke Valley Arena Pete Zivic, clever Pittsburg veteran, easily outboxed Tony Carney, New Bedford bantam, in the ten round main bout. Carney was willing and hit hard but Zivic was much too scientific for him and boxed wonderfully.

Eddie Elkins, New York junior light, won decisively over Phil Goldstein, clever Pittsburgh youngster, in the ten round semi-final. Elkins kept boring in continually and both outboxed and outslugged his opponent. He made a great showing.

Romeo Roche, veteran Holyoke junior lightweight, won a close eight rounder from Mickey Genaro, of Waterbury. Genaro staggered Roche several times with his hard hitting but broke bones in both hands doing so, and was practically helpless after that.

Kewpie Ledoux, another Holyoke veteran, who was starting a comeback, beat Jimmy Valentine, Boston flyweight, in a fast four round set-to. Ledoux looked very impressive with his bounding style.

In the opening four rounder, George La Bate, Worcester bantam, defeated Al Thomas, of Chicopee. La Bate scored a knockdown in the first round.

Bobby Brown, rising young Lowell middleweight, won a very close decision from the aged but very much present Italian Joe Gans, of Brooklyn, in ten delightful rounds at West Springfield on August 26. Gans pulled every trick in the trade and masterfully outboxed his opponent, whose tireless rushing and heavy socking gave him the edge.

The ten round semi-final between Terry Parker, Boston junior light and Billy Humphries, of England, ended in a decisive victory for Parker, who fought about the best fight of his career. Humphries kept charging in as usual but his efforts were futile this time and he was both outboxed and outhit.

Frankie O'Brien, Hartford middleweight knockout artist, stopped Joe Marino, of Staten Island, in six rounds, technically. About Marino's only asset was gameness of which he had loads for after being dropped or thrown down several times by the rough and rugged O'Brien, he kept on until a broken hand forced him to stop.

Kid Wagner, New London lightweight, outhit Georgie La France, of Springfield, to win the opening six rounder. La France is certainly picturesque and if his fighting improves a little more, ought to be a great drawing card.

Davey Abad, the marvelously clever Panama bantam gave an amazing exhibition of speed, generalship and stamina on September 2 in West Springfield, by trouncing Tommy Ryan, Buffalo star, in ten fast rounds.

Frankie O'Brien, slugging Hartford middleweight, was handed a very unfair decision over Frank Senk, of Springfield, in the ten round semi-final.

In the preliminaries, Clyde Jones, Wilmington, Del., featherweight, a game if inexperienced youngster, won on a foul from Spark Plug Russell, heavy hitting Newarkite, in the third round.

Young Johnny Dwyer, Athol, Mass.'s, heavyweight hope, knocked out Johnny Pookus, Greenfield light heavy in the first round.

Jimmy James, Turners Falls, Mass., bantamweight, stopped Steve Godlewsky, Athol feather, in the first round with a few terrific socks on the jaw, after taking quite a beating himself.

The Holyoke Valley Arena staged a very successful show on September 30. In the ten round main bout, Freddie Mueller, crack young Buffalo lightweight, masterfully outboxed the clever and hard-hitting Eddie Elkins, of New York, another rising youngster. Speed seemed to be the main factor in Mueller's brilliant victory.

Young Tiernan, exceedingly promising Providence lightweight, outpointed the capable Eddie Lord, of Meriden, Conn., in an eight round bout.

Ted Seidman, veteran feather, now residing in Holyoke hit too hard for his somewhat lighter opponent, Joe Dwyer, of Boston, in another eight rounder. Happy Luchini, New York junior welter, beat Freddy Blain, of Holyoke, in a four round slugging match, Luchini scoring two knockdowns; and Stanley Sawa, Chicopee welterweight, arose gamely from a count of nine in the third round of a whirlwind four rounded to plaster his opponent, Eddie O'Day, of Easthampton, Mass., all over the floor three times in that round and once more in the last. Sawa won the decision.

The West Springfield American Legion Post has discontinued boxing bouts until spring, on account of the cold weather. Owing to a costly disagreement, the Legionnaires have lost their efficient matchmaker, Barry McCormick.

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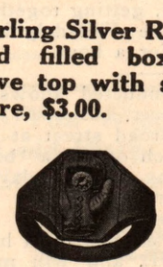

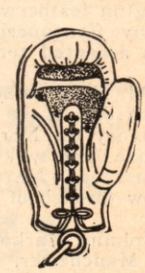

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Picked Up Around Chicago

By DUKE BARRY

NOW that the smoke of the Tunney-Dempsey battle has settled, the various Chicago promoters have swung into their own again with the opening of the indoor season. Mique Malloy supplants Johnny Coulon as the promoter at White City, while Jim Mullen, the Windy City's leading purveyor of leather colic, has opened the famed Coliseum. Nate Lewis, the veteran, has two indoor locations for the winter's frolic.

Malloy, the rotund south side Irishman, is featuring two tournaments in which he is endeavoring to weed out the best flyweight, and the best featherweight in this section. All aspiring boys of those divisions regardless where they hail from, are eligible. His first offering was on October 3rd, when he featured Babe Ruth and Cecil Payne, in the featherweight class, and Young Dencio and Henry Cullen, in the flyweight division.

Mullen went to bat with a bang-up program on the sixth, in which he features three "tens" on top. Sergeant Sammy Baker, Steve Webber's great puncher mingles with Billy Alger of Phoenix; Roleaux Saguero, the Cuban light heavyweight champion, tosses leather with Art Weigand of Buffalo, and in the other Russ Whalen meets Tenerio, a new Filipino chin duster brought here for the occasion. It's a corking card on paper.

Davy Miller, in the writer's opinion one of the best referees in the game, has announced his retirement as an official. He feels he has been slighted. "It is my opinion that the Illinois Boxing Commission due to personal prejudice has never given me the opportunity to officiate in a championship match held in Chicago." And Davy hits the nail on the head insofar as the writer figures.

That Eddie Tobin, a square shooting gent of this burg, is going to make a "lotta" wise managers retard to rear seat directing. The popular Tobin has just signed up Dave Adelman, the Philadelphia flyweight, to a long term contract. Adelman, by the way, holds decisions over Willie Davies, Al Brown, Marty Gold, Emil Puluso and an armful of other knuckle dusters. And incidentally, Adelman is the flyweight champion of the State of Pennsylvania, according to its commission.

When the sports writers from all sections of the country blew into Chicago to scribble about the then pending fracas between Tunney and Dempsey, they were tendered an old fashion "blow out" by the Chicago press club, in which Bill Halligan and Harry Hochstader were the leading spirits. Warren Brown, one of Chicago's most eminent sports writers was the toastmaster, and Warren was as witty as George Ade. Probably due to local sentiment, Jim Mullen received the best hand of the number of speakers introduced.

Hochstader, Halligan and Brown did themselves proud. As guests of honor they had Tex Rickard, Lew Cody, the film star; Benny Leonard, Jimmy DeForest, Bugs Baer, the witty columnist; Leon Errol, the "souse" comedian; Al Herman, Johnny Kilbane, Jack Reddy of St. Paul, Paul Prehn, one of the state boxing commissioners; "Hype" Igoe, noted New York fistic writer; 'Gene Fowler, ditto; Willie Ritchie, former lightweight champion; Jack Sheehan of "Bawston;" George Getz, Rickard's proxy promoter; and Joe Bunyan, (no relation to the doctor of Philadelphia). Brown did not mention that!

Among the guests were Abe Pollock, of the Denver Post, Harry Keck, Pittsburgh's best fight writer; Lou Brix, of the Billy Gibson combination; (no discredit); Ike Dorgan, Rickard's powerful yarn spinner; E. W. Dickerson, the heavy cargo from Grand Rapids, and a good boxing authority; Frank Whitney, a former knuckle whirler; Ol' Bob Edgren, that great cartoonist and all-around sports writer; Walter St. Denis, now of Newark; Frank Churchill and Bill Miller, of the Filipino tribe of chin choppers; Eddie Tobin, one of Chicago's prominent coming managers; Eddie Stanton and many hundreds of others. But, who stole my hat?

On the street we ran into Eddie Mead, Johnny Cox, Nat Fleischer, the publisher of The Ring; Walk Miller, Jake Abel, the former champion wallop weaver of Dixie; Suey Welch, Akron's only fite promoter; Ray Campbell, the Cleveland scribe of note; Frank Menke, the King Feature writer; and his buddy Tom Bourke of the Chicago Morning Telegraph; Damon Runyon, whom you all know of; Charley Murray of Buffalo, Jimmy Schemmer and Lynn Wagner, sport scribes of Akron; Bob Farrell, now located in this city, and oh my, so many more, we cannot recall all.

However, there was George Engle who managed Harry Greb at one time; George Underwood of New York, Ed Hughes, the famous sport cartoonist now with the Brooklyn Eagle; Sam Taub, the dashing young boxing expert of the New York Morning Telegraph; Sid Mercer, the noted feature writer and authority on mitt slinging; Jimmie Dime, the veteran battler, manager and tutor of champions; Vince Trainer, whom everybody knew and everybody sought opinions from—incidentally, Bobby Farrell tells me that he is leaving the Windy City for the more hospitable shore of the East and expects to connect with a newspaper in or around New York.

Billy Showers, the former St. Paul welterweight, now of Chicago, bears plenty of close observation. The likeable Billy has been stepping fast lately, having dropped his last three opponents by the kayo route. He is a combination boxer-fighter who always pleases and Nate Lewis, his manager, has been receiving plenty of offers for his services.

Sam Pian, local hustling manager, has his stable busy these days. Joey Medill, junior lightweight, has just returned from the west coast where he received his first adverse decision of his career as a pro. Medill was given the short end against Dario Barrion at Los Angeles, after having piled up a list of 35 straight victories. The referee, incidentally, was indefinitely suspended after he rendered his decision.

Russ Whalen of the Stockyards, another of the Pian array, is booked with Lope Tenerio, the Filipino lightweight for Jim Mullen's card at the Coliseum on October 6. Whalen has wins over such good boys as Young Jack Thompson, Tommy O'Brien, Cuddy De Marco and others of that caliber.

Ernie Peters, Indian flyweight, who is rated as one of Chicago's best crowd pleasers, is booked with Blas Rodrigues, the Mexican for the 10th at the Rainbow Gardens. An innovation will be inaugurated at that popular night club by featuring boxing intermingled with dancing and the regular cabaret show. Jim Mullen is the matchmaker.

Earl Mastro, the best looking prospect in Chicago for his weight, and the greatest battler developed here in some time, is the busiest fighter around this vicinity. The fans predict that Mastro is the nearest to Benny Leonard, now flinging leather.

Ray Miller is due back in the Windy City shortly. Ray in New York City consulted Dr. Fradick regarding an injury to his chest bone received several months ago. Word is to the effect that Miller will resume training as the good doctor fixed Ray up as good as new.

Will the reader of The Ring, who resides in England, and the one who addressed a letter to Jack Johnson in the care of the writer, kindly write the former champion direct, care of Mullen's Gymnasium, 180 W. Randolph St., Chicago, as the last letter went astray and Johnson wishes to hear from the writer.

One of the smartest looking boxers we have seen in action in this section is My Sullivan, the flashy St. Paul welterweight. This youth, a pupil of Mike Gibbons, has all the smart cleverness of his tutor and from present indications, Sullivan will go far in Pugilistana.

Fred Irvin, Chicago's only colored promoter, who ranks high as a promoter in this city, has secured a splendid hall on the South Side and will shortly announce some high class encounters.

Enrique Valdes, the popular little Havana 115-pounder leaves for Cuba on Oct. 7. Valdes due to his small height was under a handicap in meeting boys of his weight in this section. He always performed creditably and won himself a legion of American friends.

Mickey Lenard, the chubby manager and trainer is keeping his stable active. Tommy "Kid" Williams, the southern flyweight, now under the guidance of the astute Mickey has improved one hundred per cent. His ace of the stable, Joey Rychell, the Stockyards flyweight, is in demand in all sections of the middle west.

Whitey Eckert, capable trainer of the Churchill aggregation of Filipino battlers, has taken Jerry "Red" Dolan, the south side lightweight, under his management. Dolan, under the clever handling of Whitey, will go far. Whitey is grooming Red carefully for bigger shots.

West Side Bill Miller is very much elated over the showing that his light heavyweight, Jackie Williams, made with Gene Tunney in the champion's training camp. Williams did much to whip Gene into good boxing form. Miller holds bright prospects for his flyweight, Tommy Milton, formerly of New York.

Barney Fury, noted trainer of Bud Taylor and other champions of the past, is being chosen by many visiting star boxers to handle them when they are slated to appear in Chicago rings. The veteran Barney surely knows his vegetables.

Stray Shots Around Michigan

By PARSON TOM McGINTY

HARRY HARRIS, put on his second indoor show last month before a capacity house, featuring Midget Garry, Terre Haute flyweight, and Frankie Murphy, another young fighter from the other side, handled by his daddy, who held the title in Scotland. The old fellow must have been good in his day, for his son smacked the Hoosier wildcat around like old shoes. He had him on the floor four or five times. Hence it looks like it's back to Indiana for Garry. It was a good fight even with all the knockdowns.

Murphy has been matched at Norman Andrews' first Moose show with little Joe McKean, another Scotchman, and he will give him the acid test.

Johnny Mellow, of Detroit, and Joe Azzarrella of Milwaukee are signed up in the main event, 10 rounds—winner will probably get a shot at Phil McGraw when Leo P. Flynn opens the New Garden.

Art Butterfield is still the champion matchmaker of Michigan. He is making plenty of money. The reason is that Art is giving his customers the kind of fights they want—and they are going to his shows. It's the same case all over if you give the fans real fights they will come out to them.

Art's next show will feature Ward Sparks, Charley Moore's title contender, against Jimmy Murdock, latest English invader after Bud Taylor's title. Murdock is working with Jackie Nichols, Clarence Rosen, and Johnny Mellows. Murdock is wise getting past masters like this to work with in the gym. He is quickly learning the American style. Sparks will take him or I am sadly mistaken, and he will also give Bud Taylor the fight of his life. Watch this fellow. He will be a Garden sensation inside a year.

Floyd Fitzsimmons will open the Coliseum late in October, while Leo P. Flynn assisted by Benny Ray will get under way about October 25.

Detroit will be a real fight town this season, with several clubs running. There will be plenty of fighting here the balance of the season.

The Grand River A. C., 113 State Street, is being operated by Harry Tuthill. The gym is opened all day and evenings, and about 200 fellows train there daily.

Herman Becker is promoting at Battle Creek. He signed up Homer Smith and Joe Burke for his headliner October 8. Becker will run shows all winter.

E. W. Dickerson has signed Peterson anl Curtice at Grand Rapids October 7.

Al Werbe has his near champion, Clarence Rosen, working out for several bouts he has arranged for him under the watchful eye of his trainer K. O. Sweeney of Boston. Werbe is flooding the country with literature on Rosen. He is hot on the trail of Johnny Vacca of Boston. Here is a good fight for any club.

Charley Moore, who has at least thirty fighters, finally got a break. His star, Ward Sparks, looks like a comer. This fellow will be in big demand all over the country before the present season is over.

Carl Mazzolla, who knocked out Young Earler of Toledo, looked very good. He is another of Moore's boys who will be heard of. He has won most of his fights by a knockout. Earler was a sensation around Ohio rings, also Michigan and they cannot understand how the little Italian boy flattened him. It was the first time in his career he ever hit the canvas. Watch Mazzolla. He is one of the best club fighters in the ring—and in big demand around here.

Billy Stob, is also going over big around the state. He is dropping them in short order. He is after Dundee-Baker and Tommy Freeman.

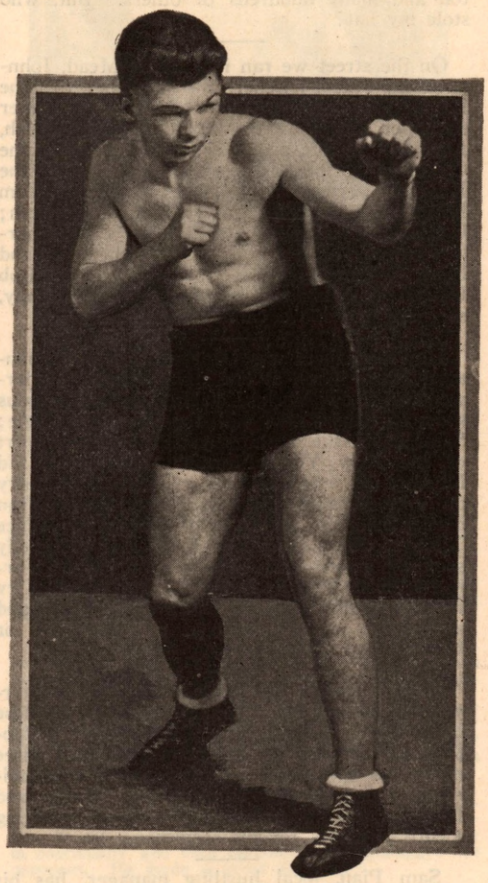
Alex Woods, Don Burchard, Gordon Smith, Eddie Koppy are also getting plenty of work. Moore boxes with his boys, and has them in perfect shape every time they go to the post.

Watch for some of these boys on the front page of The Ring very shortly, for they are all good fighters, and as none but champions and top notchers can get on the front cover of this great magazine, acceptance of these boys by The Ring will indicate their calibre.

Elmer Slim McClelland is the busiest referee in Michigan. Flint fans idolize him. He is kept on the jump for three and four shows every week. He will probably have to hire some assistant when Detroit opens up with its big clubs. It's too bad he wasn't the third man in the ring at Chicago. I feel quite sure there would be no arguments going on today. All the mob here is waiting for The Ring's story on the big fight to settle their arguments.

I have known Dave Barry a long time and know he is honest and capable. He is one of the best referees in the country. He went according to the rules—and rules is rules—and the referee is the boss and that ends it.

Detroit fans are still fighting it out every day and night at the clubs, and would pay double to see the two champions again—even if the fight took place in China.



Ivan Laffineur, French boxer who won several Australian bouts and then beat Jack Silvers on the Coast. He is in New York now.

Carpentero fought at Delphos and it was one of the best fights ever staged in Ohio rings.

The Shea Bros. are still running shows. They get plenty of talent from the Grand River A. C.

Lefty Thomas of Rochester and Art Kopp staged a whirlwind battle at the Grand River A. C. Johnny Poskey and Harold Knopp also went over big, but the fight of the night was that between Bobby Young and Henry Knopp. What a fight this pair staged! Young was home for himself with Toledo fans by his slam bang style of fighting. It was one of the copyrighted Shea Bros. shows—full of fight and full of action.

For Detroit and other Michigan information sought by boxers and managers address Parson Tom McGinty, 113 State Street, Detroit, Mich.

Leo P. Flynn is expeced in Detroit this week to set a date for his opening show.

Russell Bradford has been signed to box Jimmy Trannett at Cleveland on Sept. 28. He has improved a great deal and since changing his style from a boxer to a fighter, he is being kept busy.

Joe Azzarella is in Detroit.

Azzarella has fought Sammy Mandell two great fights. He also gave Billy Petrolle, the Fargo Express, two good fights. He beat Joey Sanger five times. He will get plenty of work around the Middle West—and nothing would please him better than a shot at Sid Terris, Phil McGraw, Kid Kaplan or Billy Wallace.

Azzarella done most of his fighting around Milwaukee and Chicago and would welcome a match with Sammy Mandell for the title.

Johnny Rini of Cleveland is sparring partner to Azzarella.

Ad Thacher has opened a new club and gymnasium. He has signed up Jack Johnson, ex-heavyweight champion, as instructor and general manager. Jack will also teach Thacher's young Filipino, Luis Carpentero, some new tricks. Thacher is grooming this boy for a shot at the flyweight title. He looks like one of the best Filipino boys sent to our shores. He has fought Willie Davies, Joe McKean, Tommy Hughes and all the leading flyweights. Re holds a decision over Joe Lucas at Denver.

MINNESOTA NOTES

By DUKE HALL

THE RING is the best selling boxing magazine in Minnesota and the boys can't wait to get their Big Boy Peterson, Chicago heavy who defeated Otto Von Porat on the last Minneapolis card, has been signed by Matchmaker Mike Collins to meet Duke Horn, Minneapolis' popular heavyweight. Peterson won a decision from Johnny Grosso of New York, in one of the preliminaries to the Dempsey-Tunney fight.

King Tut, Minneapolis' leading lightweight, who has fought and defeated some of the best boys in the country, has returned to the West Coast to meet Joey Sanger in Los Angeles some time in November. Tut lost a decision to Billy Petrolle, Fargo Express, on a recent St. Paul show.

Ray Hughes, popular matchmaker of the National A. C., Duluth, scored a "hole in one" with his last slam-bang affair. Al Van Ryan of St. Paul shaded Dave Ostrov of Duluth in a lashing ten round main event.

Sammy Leonard of Minneapolis kayoed Mickey McClairn of St. Paul in third round. Howard Mayberry, Duluth, defeated Phil Manning, Minneapolis, in six. Jackie Camerion, St. Paul, defeated Young Nemo, Duluth, in six.

The "I told-you-so" boys are at it again. Naturally, they all picked Tunney.

The writer would like to know what has become of Jack LaBelle, Minneapolis lightweight, who departed from our city a few years ago, also Paul O'Brian.

Bobby O'Shea, Minneapolis popular welter, who has fought the best around here, has resumed training in preparation for his fall campaign.

Eddie Tobin, Chicago sportsman and manager of Joe Guinan, Philadelphia crack lightweight, was a recent visitor to Minneapolis and called on the writer singing praises about his new find.

The writer would like to hear from any boxers, managers or matchmakers who have any news that they would liked published.

Drop me a line, care of Marion Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn.

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Florida State Notes

By PAUL A. SEEGER

THROUGH an error, it was stated in this column last month that "Big Ben" Pounds had won his Miami bout with Soldier Eddie Benson of New York. Pounds did not win. Benson did but Pounds knocked him out in a return bout.

We have a 155-pound boy down here, who is pure arsenic to all opposition to date—Jimmy Sullivan of Eau Gallie, Fla. Sullivan blew into town with a record of 19 knockouts in 20 fights and then proceeded to swell his batting average in good shape.

Sullivan first took on Johnny Risher of Tampa. Risher injured a hand in the third round and quit. They then sent Jimmy against Earl Hudson, Miami cop with a wallop. Hudson busted a maulie in the second and that ended that.

Joe Pino of Tampa was the next victim. Joe took a high class beating for three rounds and then curled up and called it a day. Sullivan promises to become the most popular boxer in these parts if he keeps up the present pace.

You gotta hand it to a guy who keeps trying. Despite poorly matched boxers, bum shows, poor gates, prematurely ended bouts and some 1,000 other delights of the promoter, Hugh Martin goes on week after week and how he does it no one knows.

Three fiascos in a row last month brought a rather goofy ruling from Boxing Commissioner Louis MacReynolds. Mac decided that hereafter any fighter in Martin's shows, who loses his bout on a foul will get no money.

First, Red McLaughlin lost on a low one. The following week Frankie Osner saved himself a licking at the hands of Boots Antley of Atlanta, Ga., when the referee decided a couple of Osner's blows were out of bounds and then Tony Leto came to bat and sent the customers home early when he misjudged a couple on Petey Sarron of Birmingham, Ala.

Whitey Mellner has brought his wide smile back to Miami for the winter. Whitey earned the title of "Maneater" when he bit a chunk out of Jimmy Murray's ribs here last winter in a grudge bout.

Quina Lee gave Eddie Bowling a neat lacing up in Jacksonville and thereby is supposed to have won some kind of a bantam title, but to tell the truth we have given up trying to keep track of these mythical titles floating around Dixie.

Jacksonville boxing commissioners this month took an action to be commended by all lovers of the game. They suspended indefinitely Al McClure of Savannah and Connie George of Charleston for stalling in a 10-round bout there. In addition these sun dodgers were fined 50 per cent. of their purses.

The commissioners also stopped a diving exhibition on the part of Charlie Diaz of Tampa. Diaz was tossed out of the ring in the fourth round and fined $50. A few more such decisions in this state will do much to discourage the wise boys.

Buster Newberry of Miami was going good in the northern part of the state until he ran into one Fireman Sikes in Jacksonville. Sikes gave Buster a neat shellacking.

Chick Miller, who made many friends when he fought in Miami last year, was winning his bouts with regularity, until he dropped a decision to the so-called "French Express," Henry Dewenker. If Chick had stuck to his long range guns the verdict probably would have been different.

After one of the fastest fights ever seen in a Jacksonville ring, the bout between Tommy Madden of Miami and Dave Edleman of Charlotte, N. C., was stopped when the 10th round had only 10 seconds to go. Blood from a bad cut over the eyeblinded Madden so badly the action was necessary.

In their next bout Madden, fighting like a lion, was waved to his corner in the eighth when the old cut was opened and he again found himself unable to see his man.

Just a word about Howard Livingston, new referee of the American Legion Post in Miami. Livingston is an old-timer and his work in the Fronton shows has brought many favorable comments from the customers.

Martin tried for a time to use Billy St. Mary at the Ball Park bouts, but as a third man in the ring Billy proved he is a first class doortender. Eddie Maguire and Harry Graham will be back in their old roles shortly, which calls for several hurrays.

After a considerable layoff Frankie Nancie came back and fought a fast draw with Willie Greenspan of New York. In his next fight Joe Miller of Tampa had Nancie in a bad way and the bout was stopped in the seventh round.

Joe Mack also is back in the game after a layoff and Joe, with his peculiar style, seems to be just a little faster and better than ever. He ought to go good this winter if he can get the right kind of handling.

HEARD IN TAMPA
By Red Newton

"Big Ben" Pound, Florida's bid for heavyweight honors, puts his education above the fighting game. He has abandoned his climb up the fistic ladder for the present and on Sept. 28, he registered at Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla., where he ranks a senior, to resume his studies. He will get his college diploma before going after the heavyweight title in earnest, he declared before leaving Tampa.

Born in the same block in Greenwich Village as Gene Tunney, Pound has the same high ideals as the world champion. In fact it was Tunney appearing in the Rollins College gymnasium two years ago that started Pounds in boxing. He is a warm admirer of the champion.

"Big Ben" Pounds has scored eleven knockouts in thirteen fights.

The southern lightweight title dispute has apparently been cleared with Young Manuel, of Tampa, holding all the aces in the deck. Manuel defeated Lewis Gonzalez, formerly Young Lewis, of Tampa, who has just returned from New York, in 10 rounds, at the Cuban club Tampa, on Sept. 7.

Manuel lost to Frankie Osner, Tulsa, Okla., lightweight, at Jacksonville early in September but both boys weighed over the limit. It was the fourth time the two have met in Florida, each winning twice.

Luis Parga and Armando Reina, Tampa managers, left for Chicago and other northern points, early in September, taking with them their stable of five foreign boxers. The stable included Arturo Shekels, Belgian welter champion; Henri Dewencker, French and Mexican featherweight champion; Armando Shekels, Belgian lightweight; Julian Jim Moran, Spanish and Cuban welterweight champion and Jean Mangeot, French middleweight. They expect to return to Tampa in December.

Enrique Ponce de Leon, Cuban welterweight, returned to Tampa from Havana on Sept. 27. A match is being brewed between the Cuban boxer and Billy Ryan, of South Dakota.

Georgie Harris, lightweight from Niles, Pa., arrived in Tampa on Sept. 28. He will meet Lewis Gonzalez of Tampa in the near future.

On Sept. 23 preliminaries under the Benson-Pound fight in Promoter Jim Downing's Tampa arena included: Smitty Brown, Tampa lightweight, knocked out Skeets Hightower of Atlanta in the first round; Baby Vernon defeated Young Reddy, Tampa bantam, four rounds; Jack Bridges, West Palm Beach middleweight, won a technical knockout over Budy Chaney of Wichita, Kansas, in the second round; Battling Kid was awarded a three-round technical knockout over Johnny Barber, Tampa feather.

More than 5,000 fans paid their way into Downing's arena to see Pound knock out Benson.

Tampa is a Dempsey town. It has been estimated that more than 50,000 fans here listened in on the returns from the Chicago fight, the great majority pulling for Jack to come back against Tunney. More than 25,000 assembled about the Tampa newspaper offices to get the returns.

Orlando is the latest Florida town to install a boxing arena under the new state law legalizing the game.

Bobby Marriott, Baltimore middleweight, outpointed Bryan Downey, Columbus, Ohio, in the Tampa ring on Sept. 17, 10 rounds. Willie Greenspan, New York featherweight, knocked out Black Cat Lulo, of Tampa in the fifth round with two rights to the stomach after Lulo had opened a bad cut over Greenspan's left eye. Young Risher, Tampa welter, outpointed Charlie Reed, of Lakeland, eight rounds. Kid Pituso, Italian bantam of Tampa, scored a one-round knockout over Louis Kid Perex, brother of the Aramis Del Pino, Cuban lightweight.

Promoter Jim Downing is arranging some first class fight cards for Tampa fans for the fall and winter. It is probable that Billy Wells, English welterweight, will meet Clyde Hull, of Texas, within the near future. Downing is dickering with Joe Dundee, welter champ, for a bout here within the next month. Paul Berlenbach will stop over in Tampa during his Dixie invasion. Jack Renault, Leo Gates and other heavies will be brought here this winter. Some good lightweights also will be imported to meet Young Manuel, classy Tampan.

Bobby Marriott, of Baltimore, won a 10 round judges' decision over Pierre Gandon, French middleweight, in Tampa on Sept. 4. He opened cuts over both Gandon's eyes. Jimmy Watts, flashy young featherweight of Atlanta, knocked out Ben Ray of Columbus, Ga., in the fifth round of their scheduled 10 round bout. Battling Jimmy beat Battling Kid, six rounds. They are Tampa bantams.

Promoter Downing expects to rematch Kid Pituso, the little Italian bantam of Tampa, with Baby Reyes of Key West, in one of the future prelims here. The two bantams have fought two slashing battles recently, Reyes winning both by small margins.

Promoter Downing's training camp at Temple Terrace, 10 miles out of Tampa, is proving a mecca to boxers. Besides the nifty ring and gymnasium, the camp offers a 36 hole golf course.

Benny Touchstone, young heavyweight, who has been going like a house afire in New York, is a native Tampan. He fought here two years ago under the name of King Tut as a middleweight. Tampans are watching his progress with interest.

NOTES FROM VIRGINIA
By RODY DAVIS

BOXING in Richmond has been somewhat quiet for a few weeks but will doubtless be started with a bang soon when the Grays Athletic Association puts on its first winter program.

This first show will most likely have as contestants in one of the main bouts, Speedy Lawrence, popular Fort Monroe soldier lightweight, against Sailor McKenna, the scraping gob from the Washington Air Station. This pair should put on a fine fight and fans are looking forward to their meeting.

The other main bout on the next Grays card will show the flashy Frankie Masonis pitted against Young Pentecost, the Hopewell, Va., fighter.

Pentecost won the featherweight title of the Virginia National Guard at the annual encampment at Camp Byrd, Virginia Beach. At the same place Battling Eddie Booth of Richmond annexed the State Guard lightweight crown after a hard final battle with Frankie Duncan, also of Hopewell and a training partner of Pentecost.

Pekoe Winfree, of Petersburg, won the bantam title at the encampment after a series of hard fights, all of which he won, most of them via the K. O. route. This Winfree is one youngster who is not afraid to trade punches with any fellow his weight and has fought many times in his own city and in Richmond.

Fireman Griffin, Richmond's big boy, bowed again in defeat to Willie Ptomey of the army and who holds the official All Service middleweight title. This was their third meeting with Willie having won over the Fireman twice and the other bout, a six rounder, being decided a draw. Griffin put up a willing fight against the soldier but Ptomey is really too clever for any of the big fellows of this section. In the fifth round had the Fireman just about out after jolting him with a couple of mighty right handers but Griffin is one tough hombre and stayed the limit.

The writer hears that Frankie Masonis and Speedy Lawrence have both been matched for good fights in Maryland cities, to take place within the next few weeks. Boys meeting this pair will find that they have run into a couple of Tartars, for these boys know their "bermudas" when it comes to this boxing business.

In Our Question Box

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

C. Rorpaugh, Ithaca, N. Y.

Q.—I am 17 years old, 5 ft. 5 ins., 117 pounds. What division am I in?

A. Bantam.

Q.—Does running make one heavy?

A.—No. Reduces weight.

Q.—What is the quickest way to develop back, shoulders, chest, leg and stomach muscles?

A.—Pulleys, bending exercises, bag punching. Get "How to Train" from The Ring—Price 1.00. Ready October 15.

Harry Brown, Broklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What is your opinion of Jackie Cohen? How would you rate him with Johnny Vacca, Teddy Baldock and Dominick Petrone?

A.—On a par with those named.

Woodrow Holmberg, Anadarko, Okla.

Q.—When was the first copy of The Ring published?

A.—February, 1922.

Q.—How many times was Willard knocked down in the three rounds he fought Dempsey?

A.—Seven times, all in the first round.

Dave Hilbert, Mansfield, Conn.

Q.—Was Gene Tunney best man at Jack Dempsey's wedding?

A.—No.

Q.—Was Jim Figg the first ring champion?

A.—Yes.

Q.—What was the shortest fight in ring history?

A.—Between Wyoming and Rocco recently in Philadelphia. Eleven seconds.

A Constant Reader, New York City

Q.—I am 16 years old, 5 ft. 6 ins. and weigh 113 pounds. What will my height and weight be at full growth?

A.—5 ft. 8½ ins. and 140 pounds.

Q.—What class will I be in?

A.—Junior welter.

E. G. W., Toronto, Canada

Q.—Was Jim Driscoll ever recognized as feather champ of the world in America?

A.—Driscoll, featherweight champion of Europe, and Attell, featherweight champion of America, met in 10-round decisionless contest in New York in 1909. Driscoll won unofficial verdict. Not recognized as world's champion.

Walter Baurill, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Q.—Who were the best Polish fighters of the past?

A.—Stanley Ketchel best Polish fighter of history.

Bill Reilly, West Newton, Mass.

Q.—How many times did Sullivan fight Charley Mitchell?

A.—Twice, first a four-rounder in Madison Square Garden that was stopped by police in third round. Mitchell, 143 pounds, knocked Sullivan, 201, down in second round. The second meeting was a finish bout, bare knuckles, and took place in Chantilly, France, in 1888. Decision was draw after 39 rounds.

Sol, New York City

Q.—Is running on stone pavements bad for the heart? Is it necessary to do road work if I walk around all day?

A.—Bad for feet. Road work should include running for the wind. Get "How to Train" from The Ring office. Price $1.00. It is the greatest book on training ever published. Ready about November. Only limited number being printed. Order now.

Q.—Who was the greatest heavyweight in the world?

A.—Impossible to name one man. Jim Mace, great boxer and ring general. Peter Jackson, great boxer, hitter and ring general. Sullivan, heavy hitter. Corbett, wonderful boxer. Fitz, terrific hitter and strategist. Jeff, rugged and hard hitter. Johnson, boxer and hitter. Dempsey, savage hitter.

Stephen Cheloc, Jersey City, N. J.

Q.—If a boy 15 boxed once as a professional, can he take part in high school athletics, mainly football?

A.—Not unless reinstated as amateur.

A Reader

Q.—Is one that participates in professional boxing considered a professional in every other sport or only boxing?

A.—In all amateur sports.

T. J.

Q.—Can a professional box an amateur?

A.—No.

Q.—How much does a boxer's manager receive?

A.—33 1-3 per cent. in New York State.

Q.—When a boxer knocks his opponent down, to which corner does he retire?

A.—The corner farthest from the spot where the knockdown takes place.

A Reader, Hobken, N. J.

Q.—Can you suggest a good manager to me?

A.—Write to C. J. Harvey, Sheepshead Bay.

"Mac," New York City

Q.—I won my first four pro fights and would like to get into a lumber camp for about four months to get toughened up. How can I get into one?

A.—That would be inadvisable. If you want to rough it go into the woods in Northern New York or Canada. Do plenty of road work, and with bag punching, etc., you would soon toughen yourself.

Gene Madelaine, Camden, N. J.

Q.—I am 17 years old and weigh 170 pounds. I am 5 ft. 11 inches tall. Am I too young to start as an amateur? What class would I be in?

A.—Not too young. Your class would be light heavyweight. Buy a copy of "How to Train." Send your order now to The Ring. Price $1.00. Ready about November 1.

Q.—Who is a good manager in Camden?

A.—An amateur boxer needs no manager. If you desire to turn professional, write to M. Hoff, 1510 Bankers Trust Bldg., Philadelphia.

Mico, Puglisi, Tampa, Fla.

Q.—Can Joe Dundee beat Ace Hudkins?

A.—Can be proven only in a contest. Dundee doubtless would be favorite.

Q.—How would you rate young Manuel of Tampa?

A.—Fairly promising.

Q.—Could Big Boy Peterson beat Big Ben Pound of Tampa?

A.—Peterson would have his troubles defeating Pound.

Harold Cohen, New York City

Q.—I am 5 ft. 6½ inches tall, 16 years old and weigh 115 pounds. How tall will I be at full growth? How much will I weigh?

A.—5 ft. 8 ins. and 140 pounds.

Q.—How much did Dempsey weigh when he fought Willard at Toledo? What was his height?

A.—188 pounds, 6 ft. 1½ ins.

Wm. Sockwell, Greensboro, N. C.

Q.—Where does Sid Terris live?

A.—East Side of New York City.

Q.—I am almost 15 years old and like boxing. Would you advise me to study it now? I weigh 118 pounds.

A.—Good boxers invariably start at an early age.

A Subscriber, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—I am thirty-two years old. However, I seem to be much younger physically. I look and pass for twenty-five or even less, and a "have the feel" of being outside of the reach of the has-beens.

I have no notion of trying to become welterweight champion at this stage of the game, but I am dying hard and hate to admit that I am too old to step. Do you think I would be a sucker to work into shape at my age?

A.—Too old to begin over again. You have passed the peak.

Johnn D'Azzo, Tampa, Fla.

Q.—How old Was Dempsey when he started boxing?

A.—20.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Dominick Petrone, Vic Burrone, Tiger Flowers and Art De Kuh?

A.—Italian, Italian, American, Italian.

Q.—How would you rate Young Manuel, Young Lewis and Black Cat Lulo?

A.—Manuel promising. Lewis and Lulo yet to show.

Q.—I am 13 years old, weigh 115 pounds, 5 ft. 3 ins. Could I start boxing in the amateurs?

A.—Too young.

Franklin Haines, Emaus, Pa.

Q.—Who would be the winner of a Tunney-Godfrey battle?

A.—Tunney on present form.

Q.—What is the weight of a flyweight boxer?

A.—112 pounds, limit of class.

Frank Reed, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—How much are pictures of Sharkey, Firpo and Willard and where can I get them?

A.—From The Ring. Price $1.50 each.

Q.—At what age did Gene Tunney start boxing? Has he written an autobiography?

A.—21. The Ring has a book, "The Life of Gene Tunney—Price 35 cents.

Bob McIntyre, N. Y. C.

Q.—Do you think he will ever be the colorful fighter Jack Dempsey was or will his style of fighting prevent it?

A.—Probably not; Tunney's style not spectacular.

George Roberts, Jacksonville, Fla.

Q.—I am a colored boy 18 years old and weigh 128 lbs, 5 ft. 2 inches and have had a little experience. How can I get a good manager around New York?

A.—Write Ed Mc Mahon, Commonwealth S C, 135th St New York.

Frank Haines, Emaus, Pa.

Q.—How can I become a boxer.

A.—Join a gymnasium and learn.

Q.—Will Dempsey regain his title?

A.—He has tried twice and failed.

Jake Scheps, Dallas, Texas

Q.—Where can I get a rule book on amateur boxing and what is the price?

A.—Send to American Sports Pub. Co., 45 Rose Street, N. Y. City. Ask for "Book on Amateur Boxing," Price 50 cents.

Q.—Can a fighter be tried for murder if his blow brings death to his opponent?

A.—No.

Q.—Does a fighter have to be professional to have his picture in THE RING?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Where does Tommy Freeman hail from?

A.—Hot Springs, Ark.

S. M. Powell, Henderson, N. C.

Q.—What is the record of Sammy Baker? Has he ever been k.o'd?

A.—Excellent. By Tommy Freeman in seven rounds, Jan. 1, 1926.

Q.—Did Tunney ever hold the light heavyweight championship of the world?

A.—American title only.

Herman Marte, Phila., Pa.

Q.—How old are Willard, Johnson, Tendler, Wills and Carpentier?

A.—(1) 44; (2) 49; (3) 29; (4) 35; (5) 33.

Ring Reader, N. Y. C.

Q.—Give nationalities of (1) Jack De Mave, (2) George La Rocco, (3) Phil Krug, (4) Billy Vidabeck and (5) Davey Abad.

A.—(1) Hollander, (2) Italian, (3) German, (4) American, (5) Central American.

A. B. C., N. Y. C.

Q.—What city did One Round Hogan come from?

A.—San Francisco.

Jimmy Scott, Union City, New Jersey

Q.—I would like to become a second. Please tell me how I could learn and where to get my license.

A.—Join gymnasium. Get license from commission at Trenton.

Robert O'Conell, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Q.—(1) How do you rate Joe Anderson, of Covington, Ky.? Would he have a chance against Joe Dundee? (2) Dempsey vs. Fitzsimmons, both in their prime? (3) Walker vs. Dave Shade?

A.—(1) Excellent; yes. (2) Fitzsimmons. (3) Shade.

Jimmie Mack, Memphis, Tenn.

Q.—(1) Please name some fighters who defeated Tommny Freeman. (2) Who did he fight to a draw?

A.—(1) Jimmy Dunn, Al Munroe, Dude Martinez, Frank Jones. (2) Sammy Baker, Jack Zivic.

E. A. Berg, Daredo, Texas

Q.—I am in the army and have won 6 bouts with pros. Where could I get a good manager in New York? I am a middleweight.

A.—Write to C. J. Harvey, 2645 E. 22d St., Brooklyn.

Ace Bauchman, Little Rock, Ark.

Q.—(1) I am 16 years old, 5 feet 9 inches and weigh 125 pounds. Will I ever reach 175 pounds? (2) Who will win return Dempsey-Tunney bout? (3) Do you think Dempsey won fairly from Sharkey? (4) When will Maloney fight again?

A.—(1) With proper living and exercise. (2) Dempsey probably. (3) The blows in seventh were low. (4) We hope he quits. He is through as a fighter.

Ray Jones, Edwardsville, Ill.

Q.—How can I strengthen my back, biceps, wrists, neck and forearm?

A.—Get a copy of "How to Train" and follow exercises presented by him. The book is being prepared by Nat Fleisher, **The Ring publisher, and will be ready about November 1. Price $1.00. Only a limited number are being printed hense get your order in now.**

Jimmy Cerreta, Canton, Ohio

Q.—(1) Was Johnnny Dundee better fighter than Tony Canboneri? (2) Did Dempsey foul Sharkey? (3) Is Dempsey in good condition?

A.—(1) In his prime, yes. (2) The blows were below the belt. (3) Condition fair.

Milton Spiegel, New York City

Q.—(1) Which are more effective, punches to body or to face? (2) How is Maxie Rosenbloom rated? Has he a chance for middleweight or light heavy title? (3) What are his measurements? (4) How long has he been fighting? (5) What are some of his best victories?

A.—(1) Body punches weakens opponent. To point of jaw for K. O. (2) Topnotcher. Yes. (3) 5 feet 11, 160 pounds. (4) Since 1923. (5) Dave Shade, Johnny Wilson, Tiger Flowers, K. O. Phil Kaplan.

Al. Schaefer, New York City

Q.—(1) What are Solly Seemen's measurements? (2) Has he a chance for lightweight championship?

A.—(1) 5 feet 7 inches. (2) Judged by the way alleged leading lightweights sidestep Seemen, he would have a good chance to win title.

A Reader

Q.—(1) Who should win Sharkey-Delaney bout? (2) Who should win Sharkey-Paolino bout? (3) Wish to locate Tony Kelly, one time manager of Willie Harmon.

A.—(1) Sharkey. (2) Sharkey. (3) Send letter to Madison Square Garden.

A Subscriber, N. Y. City

Q.—(1) What are the measurements of Jack Renault and Billy Miske? (2) Could Renault defeat Sharkey and Wills? (3) Was Wills ever at any time a top notch fighter?

A.—(1) 6 feet 1 inch, 195 pounds; 6 feet, 185 pounds. (2) Renault too indolent to make a serious comeback. (3) Yes.

H. A., N. Y. City

Q.—(1) What are the heights and weights of Gunboat Smith, Frank Moran, Carl Morris and Arthur Pelkey? (2) Would Billy Miske have given Dempsey a real fight if he had not been sick at the time of the Benton Harbor fray? (3) Was Miske the type of fighter who fought to the last ditch? (4) How would he compare with the present crop of heavies?

A.—(1) 185 pounds, 5 feet 11 inches; 210 pounds, 6 feet; 235 pounds, 6 feet 4 inches; 207 pounds, 6 feet 1½ inches. (2) No. (3) Careful boxer. (4) Not very well.

John J. Fitzgerald

Q.—Who do you think would win the following bouts? (1) Mello vs. Freeman. (2) Mello vs. Baker. (3) Paolino vs. Sharkey. (4) Honeyboy Finnegan vs. Canzoneri. (5) M. Waler vs. Courtney. (6) Tunney vs. Dempsey.

A.—(1) Freeman. (2) Baker. (3) Sharkey. (4) Canzoneri. (5) Courtney. (6) Dempsey.

George & Cosmo

Q.—(1) Who would win a Monte Munn-Arthur DeKuh bout? (2) Who was the greatest Italian boxer? (3) Who was the greatest Jewish boxer? (4) Who would win a Ruby Goldstein-Rocky Kansas fight?

A.—(1) Munn. (3) Firpo. (3) Mendoza. (4) Goldstein.

A Boxing Fan

Q.—(1) What are the measurements of Monte Munn? (2) How is he rated? (3) Could he beat Jack Sharkey, Harry Wills, Paolino, Jack Dempsey? (4) Who is the youngest heavyweight challenger in the ring today? (5) Who would win in a Jack Delaney vs. Jack Dempsey match: Jack Sharkey vs. Monte Munn, Jack Delaney vs. Paulino vs. Jack Delaney; Jack Delaney vs. Tunney?

A.—(1) 200 pounds, 6 feet 2 inches. (2) Inexperienced but promising. (3) Might beat Wills, not the others. (4) Sharkey. (5) Dempsey, Sharkey, Delaney, Tunney.

Mike L. Skulos, Wheeling, W. Va.

Q.—(1) I am 16 years old, weight 165 pounds, am 5 feet 8 inches tall. What is my class? (2) How long would it take me to become a professional? (3) Would I make a good fighter if I possess a knockout punch and am a good athlete in high school? I have boxed for two and a half years as an amateur. (4) Should I go to college or join the professional ranks? I have knocked out many amateur boxers.

A.—(1) Light heavyweight. (2) The instant you fight for a purse. (3) Amateur boxing and athletics in your favor. (4) That is a question for you to decide.

John Keller

Q.—What are the weights and classes in amateur boxing?

A.—Same as in professional boxing. Fly 112; bantam, 118; featherweight, 126; light, 135; welter, 147; middle, 160; light heavy, 175.

Pete Comminos

Q.—(1) How can I put on solid muscles out of fat? (2) What equipments to use?

A.—(1) By exercise. (2) Pulleys, punching bags, bending exercises.

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A Reader.

Q.—(a) What was Harry Greb's style of fighting? (b) I am 18 years old. Is it too late to enter the amateurs? (c) How can I learn Greb's style of fighting?

A.—(a) Getting in close and working both hands to face and body. (b) No. (3) Practice according to answer to (a).

W. Blinston.

Q.—(a) Did Jim Driscoll of Cardiff, Wales, ever hold the featherweight championship of the world? (b) Did Driscoll and Attell ever fight? (c) Who got the decision? (d) How many rounds?

A.—(a) No. (b) Yes, in 1909, in New York. (c) Decisions prohibited under Frawley law. (d) Ten rounds. Driscoll received unanimous decision of writers.

M. Levine.

Q.—(a) What class is Jackie Cohen in? (b) How would you rate him? (c) Who are two best men he has beaten? (d) Has he any chance for the title?

A.—(a) Bantam. (b) Excellent. (c) No record. (d) Problematical.

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Along the Sunset Trail of California

By THERON FISK

JIMMY MURRY, the dynamic little matchmaker at Culver City, is off on a merry hunt for heavyweight talent. Jimmy is shelling out perfectly good coin advertising for get hep to themselves. On one of Murry's cards the results were very gratifying. The examining physician's report showed a combined weight of 2183 lbs.

Jackie Fields signed up to meet Mushy Calstevedores and piano movers to wake up and lahan, junior welterweight champ, any time Mushy is ready, in Los Angeles. Callahan was forced to cancel a return match with Sammy Baker because of boils, but is now back to business and rarin' to go.

Jimmy McLarnin, the little Irish Wizard, has been signed to meet Stanislaus Loayza at Los Angeles, therewith cancelling his Eastern trip for the present.

Los Angeles promoters are trying to get Sid Terris for McLarnin, but Jimmy says he would just as soon meet Terris in New York.

Willie Ritchie wants to fight Mushy Callahan. Leach Cross gazes upon Willie with pugilistic sentiments, and Joe Reeves challenges both.

The come-back bug buzzes overtime and may yet sting Tom McCarey. Although but a rumor, can one imagine Uncle Tom coming back to stage a Leach Cross-Willie Ritchie battle?

Rumors are rumors, mates, and headlines are headlines. Ritchie has engaged in a couple of minor fights, and Cross and Revees are in training.

The Oakland Acorn Club, with Roy Standford in the matchmaker's chair, got off in a nice cloud of dust with their first show. Roy knows fighters and how to match them, and it's safe to predict that the Acorn Club will, e'er long, into a mighty Oak Club grow.

Joey Sanger, the freckle-faced kid from Milwaukee, nosed out Bud Taylor of 'Terry Hut' in a fast and frantic fight at Los Angeles. Figuring him unbeatable, the gamblers had installed Taylor as a ten to eight favorite. Bud has been one of the most consistent winners in this state since the game was legalized. Joey and Bud drew a gate of thirty grand.

Showing itself completely oblivious to California's boxing existence, the New York Commission has boldly sanctioned a flyweight tournament. But the real flyweight elimination is being staged nearer the setting sun—in Hollywood. And the best boys are in the Golden State's tournament because they heard of it first.

Here's a funny one: Izzy Schwartz was decisively trounced in the Hollywood eliminations . . . and has now bobbed up a serious contender in the New York affair! Whose Izzy is he? Would it cause any of that well known four-footed laughter hereabouts if Izzy should win the New York shindy?

Dick Donald, promoter of gigantic fisticists in California, has finally signed Joe Dundee to a joust with Ace Hudkins for the welterweight title. Date: October 29, 1927. Place: Los Angeles, Calif.

How Gene Tunney Compares Physically with Six of His Predecessors; Jess Willard Tallest and Heaviest Holder of World's Championship

	Tunney	Dempsey	Willard	Jeffries	Johnson	Corbett	Fitzsimmons
Age	29	31	*32	*35	*37	*33	*37
Weight	192	190	240	225	220	180	172
Height	6 ft. 1½ in.	6 ft. 1 in.	6 ft. 6 in.	6 ft. 1½ in.	6 ft. 1¼ in.	6 ft. 1 in.	5 ft. 11 in.
Reach	77	77	83½	75	73	74	74½
Chest (nor.).	42	40½	39	46	37½	38	44½
Chest (exp.).	45	44	44½	50½	42¾	42	46
Waist	34	33	36	36	36	33	33
Neck	17	16½	17½	18¼	17½	17	16
Wrist	9	9	8¼	8½	10½	6½	7½
Bicepts	14½	14½	15¾	16	16	14½	13
Calf	15½	16	17½	17	15	14½	14
Ankle	9	9	9½	10	9½	8¾	8

*Age at which title was lost

Donald staged the Hudkins-Baker memorial fracas which drew a record gate of ninety-three thousand and sixty-two dollars. By boosting the ante a trifle—it being a championship knockdown—the dapper Dick foresees a $150,000.00 gate.

The champion is reported to be working on a flat guarantee of sixty grand. Hudkins is getting a small percentage.

Challenger and champion have both undergone a gruelling round of training and are fit for the fight of their careers. Ace proclaims his intention of grabbing the crown or of quitting the ring and smoking big black cigars the rest of his nachrul days.

Speaking of puglistic prognostications, future greats, etc.: San Francisco singeth the praises of Frankie Glick, featherweight, Speedy Dodo, flyweight, Armand Emanual, Jewish heavy, and Joey Silver, welterweight. Keep your eye on these boys.

Emanual is already in the East, having appeared in one of the preliminaries to the most recent Dempsey-Tunney bout. He will soon be doing his stuff in the Garden.

With the re-opening of the Dreamland Arena, renovation of which is rapidly nearing completion, San Francisco will have one of the more pretentious punch palaces of the Coast. There is no reason why she should not take her place in the limelight again as one of the great boxing centers of the Republic.

Fighters interested in the West Coast ring and desiring possible fights are invited to correspond with the writer. They are requested to enclose photos, records, clippings, etc., same to be returned to them if desired. Address: 1556 Taylor Street, Apt. 4, San Francisco.

A PRACTICE, common among boxing managers everywhere, but which has been carried to extremes in California, has at last been exposed by Sid Ziff, Los Angeles sports scribe.

Heretofore managers of main event fighters have forced matchmakers to use in the preliminaries any and all fighters that happened to be in their stable, thus robbing the "little" manager and his boxers of a living.

There are cases on record where one manager has had half of a whole card. Two, three and four fighters on the same card by the same manager has been quite the habit.

The "little" manager, who has given his time, money and personal attention to a prospect, has in many cases seen his pride and joy throw him down (not by choice, however.) and join the stable of a big manager.

There can be little progress in the game if this practice continues. The "little" manager who gives his undivided attention to one or two fighters, is preferred to the big manager who has a couple of dozen or more fighters and knows them only through his card index system.

Mr. Ziff proposes that the Commission pass a ruling limiting managers to but two boxers on a card, and this rule is certain to pass.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO

By J. MALDONADO

Frankie Klick, local featherweight of Joe Doran, fought a ten round draw with Santiago Zorilla, colored Los Angeles featherweight sensation.

Tommy Simpson, Oakland promoter, is having bad luck. His last show headed by young Johnny Burns-Tiger Thomas drew in the neighborhood of nine-hundred dollars. The show previous, Joe Roache, San Francisco idol, drew a $1,500 house. Poor Tommy. Recently Dave Shade and Jack Willis drew a ten thousand dollar house.

Armand Emanuel, Jewish heavyweight in his encounter here was with J. DeMotte, did not do half as well as was expected of him.

Speedy Dado, Frank Churchill's new importation in the flyweight ranks, is a very good boy. His performances have been all good. He came out on top in all except one bout with Frankie Murray, which was called a draw. His last win was over Roy Riley, a k. o. in the eighth round.

Boy Walley, the Malay mauler, Pablo Dano, his roommate, Al Robinson the Frisco Sheik, and Yg. Pancho villa, are flyweights who are great prospects. Villa only weighs 103 pounds and Robinson, 112 pounds. Therefore the best flyweights in California, and why they stick around here, I can't understand. The local promoters won't give the local boys a chance, so these two little mites better look for success elsewhere.

Tommy Cello, Charley Cook's lightweight, and a local boy also, stuck around here for three months until he got onto himself and hopped a train east.

Solly Seeman snooped around here a few days unable to line up any bouts, then hopped a train east. Smart boy Solly.

K. O. Eddie Roberts is training very hard. He means business. Eddie will leave for the east soon.

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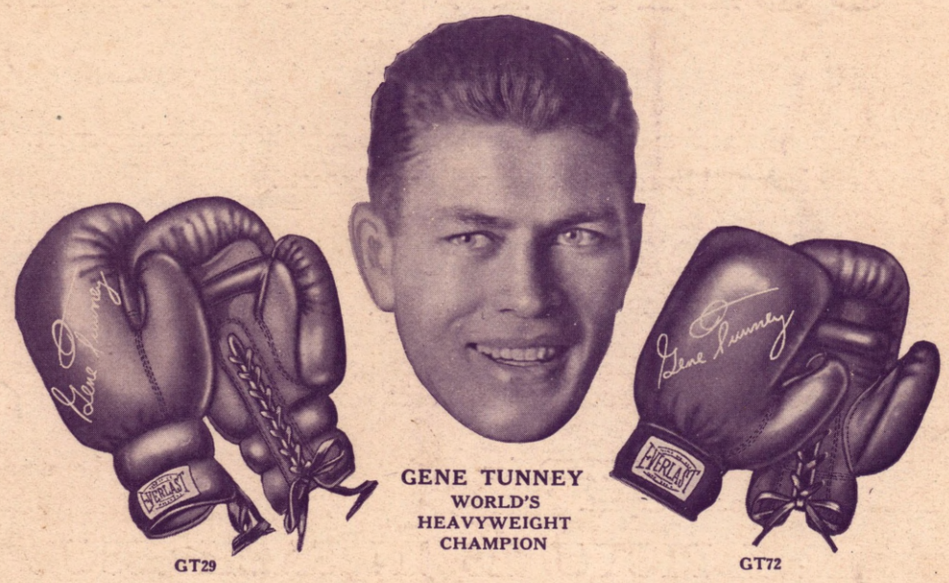

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